

*Bookstalls along the Seine Paris*

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THE WRITINGS OF

Nathaniel Hawthorne



V.



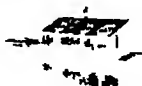
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# NOTES OF TRAVEL

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge*

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
BOOKSTALLS ALONG THE SEINE, PARIS (page 156)	
<i>Jules Guerin</i>	
Frontispiece	
VIGNETTE ON ENGRAVED TITLE PAGE DURHAM	
CATHEDRAL (page 8)	
<i>From a photograph by Clifton Johnson</i>	
THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS	160
THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST ANGELO, ROME	198
TITIAN'S BELLA DONNA	266
THE STATUE OF MOSES BY MICHEL ANGELO SAN PIETRO IN VINCOLI, ROME	324
<i>The above three illustrations are from photographs by Alinari</i>	

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	PAGE
BOOKSTALLS ALONG THE SEINE, PARIS (page 156)	
<i>Jules Guerin</i>	
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ROME	193
TITIAN'S BELLA DONNA	266
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# NOTES OF TRAVEL

## III

MELROSE, *July 11, 1857* — We left Edinburgh, where we had found Addison's, 87 Prince's Street, the most comfortable hotel in Great Britain, and went to Melrose, where we put up at the George. This is all travelled ground with me, so that I need not much perplex myself with further description, especially as it is impossible, by any repetition of attempts, to describe Melrose Abbey. We went thither immediately after tea, and were shown over the ruins by a very delectable old Scotchman, incomparably the best guide I ever met with. I think he must take pains to speak the Scotch dialect, he does it with such pungent felicity and effect, and it gives a flavor to everything he says like the mustard and vinegar in a salad. This is not the man I saw when here before. The Scotch dialect is still, in a greater or less degree, universally prevalent in Scotland, insomuch that we generally find it difficult to comprehend the answers to our questions, though more, I think, from the unusual intonation than either from strange

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saw the marble stone of King Alexander, and the spot where Bruce's heart is said to be buried, and the slab of Michael Scott, with the cross engraved upon it, also the exquisitely sculptured hail leaves, and other foliage and flowers, with which the Gothic artists entwined this edifice, bestowing more minute and faithful labor than an artist of these days would do on the most delicate piece of cabinet-work. We came away sooner than we wished, but we hoped to return thither this morning, and, for my part, I cherish a presentiment that this will not be our last visit to Scotland and Melrose. Julian and I then walked to the Tweed, where we saw two or three people angling, with naked legs, or trousers turned up, and wading among the rude stones that make something like a dam over the wide and brawling stream. I did not observe that they caught any fish, but Julian was so fascinated with the spectacle that he pulled out his poor little fishing line and wished to try his chance forthwith. I never saw the angler's instinct stronger in anybody. We walked across the footbridge that here spans the Tweed, and Julian observed that he did not see how William of Deloraine could have found so much difficulty in swimming his horse across so shallow a river. Neither do I. It now began to sprinkle, and we hastened back to the hotel.

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Waverley, while looking for some fishing tackle. There was another desk in the room, which had belonged to the Colonel Gardiner who appears in Waverley. The first apartment into which our guide showed us was Sir Walter's study, where I again saw his clothes, and remarked how the sleeve of his old green coat was worn at the cuff, — a minute circumstance that seemed to bring Sir Walter very near me. Thence into the library, thence into the drawing room, whence, methinks, we should have entered the dining room, the most interesting of all, as being the room where he died. But this room seems not to be shown now. We saw the armory, with the gun of Rob Roy, into the muzzle of which I put my finger, and found the bore very large the beautifully wrought pistol of Claverhouse, and a pair of pistols that belonged to Napoleon the sword of Montrose, which I grasped, and drew half out of the scabbard, and Queen Mary's iron jewel box, six or eight inches long, and two or three high, with a lid rounded like that of a trunk, and much corroded with rust. There is no use in making a catalogue of these curiosities. The feeling in visiting Abbotsford is not that of awe it is little more than going to a museum. I do abhor this mode of making pilgrimages to the shrines of departed great men. There is certainly something wrong in it, for it seldom or never produces (in me, at

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I wandered out in the dusk of the evening, — for the dusk comes on comparatively early as we draw southward, — and found a beautiful and shadowy path along the river side, skirting its high banks, up and adown which grow noble elms. I could not well see, in that obscurity of twilight boughs, whither I was going, or what was around me, but I judged that the castle or cathedral or both, crowned the highest line of the shore, and that I was walking at the base of their walls. There was a pair of lovers in front of me, and I passed two or three other tender couples. The walk appeared to go on interminably by the river-side, through the same sweet shadow, but I turned and found my way into the cathedral close, beneath an ancient archway, whence, issuing again I inquired my way to the Waterloo Hotel, where we had put up.

ITEMS — We saw the Norham Castle of Marmion, at a short distance from the station of the same name. Viewed from the railway, it has not a very picturesque appearance — a high, square ruin of what I suppose was the keep — At Abbotsford, treasured up in a glass case in the drawing room, were memorials of Sir Walter Scott's servants and humble friends — for instance a brass snuff box of Tom Purdy, —

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been built before the best style of church architecture had established itself so that it weighs upon the soul, instead of helping it to aspire. First, there are these round arches, supported by gigantic columns, then, immediately above, another row of round arches, behind which is the usual gallery that runs, as it were, in the thickness of the wall, around the nave of the cathedral, then above all, another row of round arches, enclosing the windows of the clere-story. The great pillars are ornamented in various ways, — some with a great spiral groove running from bottom to top, others with two spirals, ascending in different directions so as to cross over one another some are fluted or channelled straight up and down some are wrought with chevrons, like those on the sleeve of a police inspector. There are zigzag cuttings and carvings, which I do not know how to name scientifically, round the arches of the doors and windows, but nothing that seems to have flowered out spontaneously as natural incidents of a grand and beautiful design. In the nave, between the columns of the side aisles, I saw one or two monuments.

The cathedral service is very long and though the choral part of it is pleasant enough, I thought it not best to wait for the sermon, especially as it would have been quite unintelligible, so remotely as I sat in the great space. So I left my

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something like a bishop's mitre on its head, and may perhaps have lain in the proudest chapel of the cathedral before occupying its present bed among the grass. About fifteen paces from the central tower, and within its shadow, I found a weather-worn slab of marble, seven or eight feet long, the inscription on which interested me somewhat. It was to the memory of Robert Dodsley, the bookseller, Johnson's acquaintance, who as his tombstone rather superciliously avers, had made a much better figure as an author than "could have been expected in his rank of life. But, after all, it is inevitable that a man's tombstone should look down on him, or, at all events comport itself towards him "*de haut en bas*." I love to find the graves of men connected with literature. They interest me more, even though of no great eminence, than those of persons far more illustrious in other walks of life. I know not whether this is because I happen to be one of the literary kindred, or because all men feel themselves akin, and on terms of intimacy, with those whom they know, or might have known, in books. I rather believe that the latter is the case.

My wife had stayed in the cathedral, but she came out at the end of the sermon and told me of two little birds, who had got into the vast interior, and were in great trouble at not being able to find their way out again. Thus, two

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their topmost boughs not nearly so high as where we stood, and others climbing upward and upward, till our way wound among their roots, while through the foliage the quiet river loitered along, with this lovely shade on both its banks, to pass through the centre of the town. The stately cathedral rose high above us, and farther onward, in a line with it, the battlemented walls of the old Norman castle, gray and warlike, though now it has become a University. This delightful walk terminates at an old bridge in the heart of the town, and the castle hangs immediately over its busiest street. On this bridge, last night, in the embrasure, or just over the pier, where there is a stone seat, I saw some old men seated, smoking their pipes and chatting. In my judgment, a river flowing through the centre of a town, and not too broad to make itself familiar, nor too swift, but idling along, as if it loved better to stay there than to go, is the pleasantest imaginable piece of scenery, so transient as it is, and yet enduring, — just the same from life's end to life's end, and this river Wear, with its sylvan wildness and yet so sweet and placable, is the best of all little rivers, — not that it is so very small but with a bosom broad enough to be crossed by a three arched bridge. Just above the cathedral there is a mill upon its shore, as ancient as the times of the Abbey

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We put up at the Black Swan, with which we had already made acquaintance at our previous visit to York. It is a very ancient hotel, for in the coffee-room I saw on the wall an old printed advertisement, announcing that a stage-coach would leave the Black Swan in London and arrive at the Black Swan in York, with God's permission in four days. The date was 1706, and still, after a hundred and fifty years, the Black Swan receives travellers in Coney Street. It is a very good hotel, and was much thronged with guests when we arrived, as the Sessions come on this week. We found a very smart waiter, whose English faculties have been brightened by a residence of several years in America.

In the morning, before breakfast, I strolled out and walked round the cathedral, passing on my way the sheriff's javelin men, in long gowns of faded purple embroidered with gold, carrying halberds in their hands also a gentleman in a cocked hat, gold lace, and breeches, who no doubt had something to do with the ceremonial

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such is not the fact, but their beauty throws a gleam around them. I thank God that I saw this cathedral again, and I thank him that he inspired the builder to make it, and that mankind has so long enjoyed it, and will continue to enjoy it.

*July 14.*—We left York at twelve o'clock, and were delayed an hour or two at Leeds, waiting for a train. I strolled up into the town, and saw a fair, with puppet-shows, booths of penny actors, merry-go-rounds, clowns, boxers, and other such things as I saw, above a year ago, at Greenwich fair, and likewise at Tranmere, during the Whitsuntide holidays.

We resumed our journey, and reached Southport in pretty good trim at about nine o'clock. It has been a very interesting tour. We find Southport just as we left it, with its regular streets of little and big lodging houses where the visitors perambulate to and fro without any imaginable object. The tide, too, seems not to have been up over the waste of sands since we went away, and far seaward stands the same row of bathing-machines, and just on the verge of the horizon a gleam of water,—even this being not the sea, but the mouth of the river Ribble, seeking the sea amid the sandy desert. But we shall soon say good-by to Southport.

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nine passengers, and generally with a good part of that number inside and out. The omnibuses are painted scarlet, bordered with white, have three horses abreast, and a conductor in a red coat. They perform the journey from this point into town in about half an hour. and yesterday morning, being in a hurry to get to the railway station, I found that I could outwalk them taking into account their frequent stoppages.

We have taken the whole house (except some inscrutable holes, into which the family creeps), of respectable people, who never took lodgers until this juncture. Their furniture, however, is of the true lodging house pattern, — sofas and chairs which have no possibility of repose in them, rickety tables, an old piano and old music, with "Lady Helen Elizabeth" somebody's name written on it. It is very strange how nothing but a genuine home can ever look home-like. They appear to be good people, a little girl of twelve, a daughter, waits on table, and there is an elder daughter, who yesterday answered the door bell, looking very like a young lady, besides five or six smaller children, who make less uproar of grief or merriment than could possibly be expected. The husband is not apparent, though I see his hat in the hall. The house is new, and has a trim, light-colored interior of half gentility. I suppose the rent in ordinary times, might be £25 per annum.

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dreaming of the thousand mighty ships that float on its farther tide, or else the Irwell, which empties into the Mersey. We passed through the village beyond this stream, and went to the railway station, and then were brought back to Old Trafford, and deposited close by the Exhibition.

It has showered this afternoon, and I beguiled my time for half an hour by setting down the vehicles that went past: not that they were particularly numerous, but for the sake of knowing the character of the travel along the road.

*July 26* — Day before yesterday we went to the Arts Exhibition, of which I do not think that I have a great deal to say. The edifice, being built more for convenience than show, appears better in the interior than from without, — long vaulted vistas, lighted from above, extending far away, all hung with pictures; and, on the floor below, statues, knights in armor, cabinets, vases, and all manner of curious and beautiful things, in a regular arrangement. Scatter five thousand people through the scene, and I do not know how to make a better outline sketch. I was unquiet from a hopelessness of being able to enjoy it fully. Nothing is more depressing to me than the sight of a great many pictures together, it is like having innumerable books open before

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of Time, which never bloomed before, and never, by any possibility, can bloom again. Viewed hastily, moreover, it is somewhat sad to think that mankind, after centuries of cultivation of the beautiful arts, can produce no more splendid spectacle than this. It is not so very grand, although, poor as it is, I lack capacity to take in even the whole of it.

What gave me most pleasure (because it required no trouble nor study to come at the heart of it) were the individual relics of antiquity, of which there are some very curious ones in the cases ranged along the principal saloon or nave of the building. For example, the dagger with which Felton killed the Duke of Buckingham, — a knife with a bone handle and a curved blade, not more than three inches long, sharp-pointed, murderous looking, but of very coarse manufacture. Also, the Duke of Alva's leading staff of iron and the target of the Emperor Charles V, which seemed to be made of hardened leather, with designs artistically engraved upon it, and gilt. I saw Wolsey's portrait, and, in close proximity to it, his veritable cardinal's hat in a richly ornamented glass case, on which was an inscription to the effect that it had been bought by Charles Kean at the sale of Horace Walpole's collection. It is a felt hat with a brim about six inches wide all round, and a rather high crown, the color was, doubtless, a bright red

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which men used to thrust their heads into. Indeed, at one period they seem to have worn an inner iron cap underneath the helmet. I doubt whether there ever was any age of chivalry.

It certainly was no chivalric sentiment that made men case themselves in impenetrable iron, and ride about in iron prisons, fearfully peeping at their enemies through little slits and gumlet-holes. The unprotected breast of a private soldier must have shamed his leaders in those days. The point of honor is very different now.

I mean to go again and again many times more, and will take each day some one department, and so endeavor to get some real use and improvement out of what I see. Much that is most valuable must be unmitigably rejected, but something, according to the measure of my poor capacity, will really be taken into my mind. After all, it was an agreeable day, and I think the next one will be more so.

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No doubt I am doing vast injustice to a great many gifted men in what I have here written — as, for instance, Copley, who certainly has painted a slain man to the life and to a crowd of landscape painters, who have made wonderful reproductions of little English streams and shrubbery, and cottage doors and country lanes And there is a picture called *The Evening Gun*, by Danby, — a ship of war on a calm, glassy tide, at sunset, with the cannon smoke puffing from her port-hole it is very beautiful, and so effective that you can even hear the report breaking upon the stillness, with so grand a roar that it is almost like stillness too As for Turner, I care no more for his light-colored pictures than for so much lacquered ware or

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a heap of autumn leaves, every one of which seems to have been stiffened with gum and varnish, and then put carefully down into the stiffly disordered heap. Perhaps these artists may hereafter succeed in combining the truth of detail with a broader and higher truth. Coming from such a depth as their pictures do, and having really an idea as the seed of them, it is strange that they should look like the most made-up things imaginable. One picture by Hunt that greatly interested me was of some sheep that had gone astray among heights and precipices, and I could have looked all day at these poor lost creatures, — so true was their meek alarm and hopeless bewilderment, their huddling together, without the slightest confidence of mutual help — all that the courage and wisdom of the bravest and wisest of them could do being to bleat and only a few having spirits enough even for this.

After going through these modern masters, among whom were some French painters who do not interest me at all, I did a miscellaneous business, chiefly among the water-colors and photographs, and afterwards among the antiquities and works of ornamental art. I have forgotten what I saw, except the breastplate and helmet of Henry of Navarre, of steel, engraved with designs that have been half obliterated by scrubbing. I remember, too, a breastplate of

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I observe, furthermore, that a full length portrait has seldom face enough, not that it lacks its fair proportion by measurement, but the artist does not often find it possible to make the face so intellectually prominent as to subordinate the figure and drapery Vandyke does this, however In his pictures of Charles I, for instance, it is the melancholy grace of the visage that attracts the eye, and it passes to the rest of the composition only by an effort. Earlier and later pictures are but a few inches of face to several feet of figure and costume, and more insignificant than the latter, because seldom so well done, and I suspect the same would generally be the case now, only that the present simplicity of costume gives the face a chance to be seen.

I was interrupted here, and cannot resume the thread but considering how much of his own conceit the artist puts into a portrait, how much affectation the sitter puts on, and then again that no face is the same to any two spectators also, that these portraits are darkened and faded with age, and can seldom be more than half seen, being hung too high, or somehow or other inconvenient, — on the whole, I question whether there is much use in looking at them The truest test would be, for a man well read in English history and biography, and himself an observer of insight, to go through

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He is as un-English as possible, indeed, an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics and is great abnormally. Even the great sailor, Nelson, was unlike his countrymen in the qualities that constituted him a hero, he was not the perfection of an Englishman, but a creature of another kind, — sensitive, nervous excitable, and really more like a Frenchman

Un-English as he was Tennyson had not, however, an American look. I cannot well describe the difference, but there was something more mellow in him, — softer, sweeter, broader, more simple than we are apt to be. Living apart from men as he does would hurt any one of us more than it does him. I may as well leave him here, for I cannot touch the central point.

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ignorance which I attribute to them as to the circumstance which connects Johnson with their town. The spot where Johnson stood can, it appears, still be pointed out. It is on one side of the market-place, and not in the neighborhood of the church. I forget whether I recorded, at the time, that an *Uttoxeter* newspaper was sent me, containing a proposal that a statue or memorial should be erected on the spot. It would gratify me exceedingly if such a result should come from my pious pilgrimage thither.

My new acquaintance, who was cockneyish, but very intelligent and agreeable, went on to talk about many literary matters and characters among others, about Miss Bronte, whom he had seen at the Chapter Coffee-House, when she and her sister Anne first went to London. He was at that time connected with the house of — and —, and he described the surprise and incredulity of Mr —, when this little, commonplace looking woman presented herself as the author of *Jane Eyre*. His story brought out the insignificance of Charlotte Bronte's aspect, and the bluff rejection of her by Mr —, much more strongly than Mrs. Gaskell's narrative.

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of cabbages, onions, brass kettles, and kitchen crockery such blankets, with the woollen fuzz upon them, such everything I never thought that the skill of man could produce! Even the photograph cannot equal their miracles. The closer you look, the more minutely true the picture is found to be, and I doubt if even the microscope could see beyond the painter's touch. Gerard Dow seems to be the master among these queer magicians. A straw mat, in one of his pictures, is the most miraculous thing that human art has yet accomplished and there is a metal vase, with a dent in it, that is absolutely more real than reality. These painters accomplish all they aim at, — a praise, methinks, which can be given to no other men since the world began. They must have laid down their brushes with perfect satisfaction, knowing that each one of their million touches had been necessary to the effect, and that there was not one too few nor too many. And it is strange how spiritual and suggestive the commonest household article — an earthen pitcher, for example — becomes when represented with entire accuracy. These Dutchmen got at the soul of common things, and so made them types and interpreters of the spiritual world.

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The price of admission after two o'clock, being sixpence the Exhibition was thronged with a class of people who do not usually come in such large numbers. It was both pleasant and touching to see how earnestly some of them sought to get instruction from what they beheld. The English are a good and simple people and take life in earnest.

*August 14.* — Passing by the gateway of the Manchester Cathedral the other morning, on my way to the station, I found a crowd collected, and, high overhead the bells were chiming for a wedding. These chimes of bells are exceedingly impressive, so broadly glad some as they are, filling the whole air, and every nook of one's heart, with sympathy. They are good for a people to rejoice with and good also for a marriage because through all their joy there is something solemn, — a tone of that voice which we have heard so often at funerals. It is good to see how everybody, up to this old age of the world, takes an interest in weddings, and seems to have a faith that now at last, a couple have come together to make each other happy. The high, black, rough old cathedral tower sent out its chime of bells as earnestly as for any bridegroom and bride that came to be married five hundred years ago. I went into the churchyard but there was such a throng of people on

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The interior of the house is very pretty, and nicely, even handsomely and almost sumptuously furnished and I was very glad to find him so comfortable. His recognition as a poet has been hearty enough to give him a feeling of success, for he showed me various tokens of the estimation in which he is held, — for instance, a presentation copy of Southey's works, in which the latter had written "Amicus amicus poeta poetæ." He said that Southey had always been most kind to him. There were various other testimonials from people of note, American as well as English. In his parlor there is a good oil painting of himself, and in the drawing-room a very fine crayon sketch

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Last week I dined at Mr F Heywood's to meet Mr Adolphus the author of a critical work on the Waverley Novels published long ago, and intended to prove, from internal evidence, that *they were written by Sir Walter Scott.* His wife was likewise of the party, and also a young Spanish lady their niece, and daughter of a Spaniard of literary note. She herself has

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fanta of Spain, which Buckingham brought over to Charles I while Prince of Wales. This has a delicate rosy prettiness.

One rather interesting portion of the Exhibition is the Refreshment room or rather rooms for very much space is allowed both to the first and second classes. I have looked most at the latter, because there John Bull and his wife may be seen in full gulp and guzzle, swallowing vast quantities of cold boiled beef, thoroughly moistened with porter or bitter ale, and very good meat and drink it is.

At my last visit, on Friday I met Judge Pollock of Liverpool, who introduced to me a gentleman in a gray slouched hat as Mr Du Val, an artist, resident in Manchester and Mr Du Val invited me to dine with him at six o'clock. So I went to Carlton Grove, his residence, and found it a very pretty house with its own lawn and shrubbery about it. There was a mellow fire in the grate, which made the drawing room very cosy and pleasant as the dusk came on before dinner. Mr Du Val looked like an artist, and like a remarkable man. We had very good talk chiefly about the Exhibition and Du Val spoke generously and intelligently of his brother artists. He says that England might furnish five exhibitions, each one as rich as the present. I find that the most famous picture here is one that I have hardly looked at,

fanta of Spain, which Buckingham brought over to Charles I while Prince of Wales. This has a delicate rosy prettiness.

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At my last visit, on Friday I met Judge Pollock of Liverpool, who introduced to me a gentleman in a gray slouched hat as Mr Du Val, an artist, resident in Manchester and Mr Du Val invited me to dine with him at six o'clock. So I went to Carlton Grove, his residence, and found it a very pretty house with its own lawn and shrubbery about it. There was a mellow fire in the grate, which made the drawing room very cosy and pleasant as the dusk came on before dinner. Mr Du Val looked like an artist, and like a remarkable man. We had very good talk chiefly about the Exhibition and Du Val spoke generously and intelligently of his brother artists. He says that England might furnish five exhibitions, each one as rich as the present. I find that the most famous picture here is one that I have hardly looked at,

most ill natured and ungenial men in the world, but this poor little man was excellently good-humored

Speaking of the former rudeness of manners, now gradually refining away, of the Manchester people, Judge —— said that, when he first knew Manchester, women, meeting his wife in the street, would take hold of her dress and say, "Ah, three and sixpence a yard!" The men were very rough, after the old Lancashire fashion. They have always, however, been a musical people, and this may have been a germ of refinement in them. They are still much more simple and natural than the Liverpool people, who love the aristocracy, and whom they heartily despise. It is singular that the great Art Exhibition should have come to pass in the rudest great town in England

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in the inner court, and shelter themselves in the dungeons and state apartments of the castle. Goats would be fitter occupants, because they would climb to the tops of the crumbling towers, and nibble the weeds and shrubbery that grow there. The first part of the castle which we reach is called Cæsar's Tower, being the oldest portion of the ruins, and still very stalwart and massive, and built of red freestone, like all the rest. Cæsar's Tower being on the right, Leicester's Buildings erected by the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, are on the left, and between these two formerly stood other structures which have now as entirely disappeared as if they had never existed — and through the wide gap, thus opened, appears the grassy inner court, surrounded on three sides by half-fallen towers and shattered walls. Some of these were erected by John of Gaunt, and among these ruins is the Banqueting Hall, — or rather was, — for it has now neither floor nor roof, but only the broken stonework of some tall, arched windows, and the beautiful old ivied arch of the entrance-way, now inaccessible from the ground. The ivy is very abundant about the ruins, and hangs its green curtains quite from top to bottom of some of the windows. There are likewise very large and aged trees within the castle there being no roof nor pavement anywhere, except in some dungeon-like nooks — so that the

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two large bay-windows one of which looks into the inner court, and the other affords a view of the surrounding country. The former is called Queen Elizabeth's Dressing room. Beyond the Banqueting-Hall is what is called the Strong Tower, up to the top of which we climbed principally by the aid of the stones that have tumbled down from it. A lady sat halfway down the crumbly descent, within the castle, on a camp-stool, and before an easel, sketching this tower, on the summit of which we sat. She said it was Amy Robsart's Tower, and within it, open to the day, and quite accessible, we saw a room that we were free to imagine had been occupied by her. I do not find that these associations of real scenes with fictitious events greatly heighten the charm of them.

By this time the sun had come out brightly, and with such warmth that we were glad to sit down in the shadow. Several sightseers were now rambling about, and among them some schoolboys, who kept scrambling up to points whither no other animal, except a goat, would have ventured. Their shouts and the sunshine made the old castle cheerful and what with the ivy and the hawthorn, and the other old trees, it was very beautiful and picturesque. But a castle does not make nearly so interesting and impressive a ruin as an abbey, because the latter was built for beauty and on a plan in which

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We looked also into Trinity Church, which stands close by St. Michael's, separated only, I think, by the churchard. We also visited St. John's Church, which is very venerable as regards its exterior, the stone being worn and smoothed — if not roughened, rather — by centuries of storm and fitful weather. This wear and tear, however, has almost ceased to be a charm to my mind comparatively to what it was when I first began to see old buildings. Within, the church is spoiled by wooden galleries, built across the beautiful pointed arches.

We saw nothing else particularly worthy of remark except Lord's Hospital, in Grey Friars Street. It has an Elizabethan front of timber and plaster, facing on the street, with two or three peaked gables in a row, beneath which is a low, arched entrance, giving admission into a small paved quadrangle, open to the sky above, but surrounded by the walls, lozenge paned windows, and gables of the Hospital. The quadrangle is but a few paces in width, and perhaps *twenty in length and through a half* closed doorway, at the farther end there was a glimpse into a garden. Just within the entrance, through an open door, we saw the neat

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Before I reached our lodgings, the dusk settled into the streets, and a mist bedewed and bedamped me, and I went astray as is usual with me, and had to inquire my way — indeed, except in the principal thoroughfares, London is so miserably lighted that it is impossible to recognize one's whereabouts. On my arrival I found our parlor looking cheerful with a brisk fire — but the first day or two in new lodgings is at best an uncomfortable time. Fanny

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We went first to the railway station, in quest of our luggage, which we found. Then we made a pretty straight course down to Holborn, and through Newgate Street, stopping a few moments to look through the iron fence at the Christ's Hospital boys, in their long blue coats and yellow petticoats and stockings. It was between twelve and one o'clock and I suppose this was their hour of play, for they were running about the enclosed space, chasing and overthrowing one another, without their caps, with their yellow petticoats tucked up, and all in immense activity and enjoyment. They were eminently a healthy and handsome set of boys

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the party into that apartment. We found what one might take for a square in a town, with gabled houses lifting their peaks on one side, and various edifices enclosing the other sides, and the great White Tower — now more black than white, — rising venerable, and rather picturesque than otherwise, the most prominent object in the scene. I have no plan nor available idea of it whatever in my mind, but it seems really to be a town within itself, with streets, avenues, and all that pertains to human life. There were soldiers going through their exercise in the open space, and along at the base of the White Tower lay a great many cannon and mortars, some of which were of Turkish manufacture, and immensely long and ponderous. Others likewise of mighty size, had once belonged to the famous ship Great Harry, and had lain for ages under the sea. Others were East Indian. Several were beautiful specimens of workmanship. The mortars — some so large that a fair-sized man might easily be rammed into them — held their great mouths slanting upward to the sky, and mostly contained a quantity of rain water. While we were looking at these warlike toys — for I suppose not one of them will ever thunder in earnest again, — the warder reappeared with his ladies, and, leading us all to a certain part of the open space, he struck his foot on the small stones with which

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Our final visit to-day was to the National Gallery, where I came to the conclusion that Murillo's St. John was the most lovely picture I had ever seen, and that there never was a painter who has really made the world richer, except Murillo

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was carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise, in a large recess or transept, a great window, occupying the full height of the hall, and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief Justices. The other windows are pictured in like manner, with coats of arms of local dignities connected with the Temple and besides all these there are arched lights high towards the roof at either end, full of richly and chastely colored glass and all the illumination that the great hall had came through these glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in that gloomy depth of the hall. The screen at the lower end was of carved oak, very dark and highly polished, and as old as Queen Elizabeth's time. The keeper told us that the story of the Armada was said to be represented in these carvings, but in the imperfect light we could trace nothing of it out. Along the length of the apartment were set two oaken tables for the students of law to dine upon and on the dais, at the upper end, there was a cross table for the big wigs of the society, the latter being provided with comfortable chairs, and the former with oaken benches. From a notification posted

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immense as they are, are polished like so many gems. They are of Purbeck marble, and, if I mistake not, had been covered with plaster for ages, until latterly redeemed and beautified anew. But the glory of the church is its old painted windows — and, positively, those great spaces over the chancel appeared to be set with all manner of precious stones, — or it was as if the many-colored radiance of heaven were breaking upon us — or as if we saw the wings of angels, storied over with richly tinted pictures of holy things. But it is idle to talk of this marvellous adornment — it is to be seen and wondered at not written about. Before we left the church the porter made his appearance in time to receive his fee, — which somebody, indeed is always ready to stretch out his hand for. And so ended our visit to the Temple, which by the bye, though close to the midmost bustle of London, is as quiet as if it were always Sunday there.

We now went to St. Paul's. Una and Miss Shepard ascended to the Whispering Gallery, and we, sitting under the dome at the base of one of the pillars, saw them far above us, looking very indistinct, for those misty upper depths seemed almost to be hung with clouds. This cathedral, I think, does not profit by gloom, but requires cheerful sunshine to show it to the best advantage. The statues and sculptures in St. Paul's are mostly covered with years of dust,

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parently connected with the place. St Katharine's Dock lies along the Thames, in this vicinity, and while on one side of me were the Tower, the quiet gravel path and the shaggy graveyard, on the other were draymen and their horses, dock laborers, sailors, empty puncheons and a miscellaneous spectacle of life — including organ-grinders, men roasting chestnuts over small ovens on the sidewalk, boys and women with boards or wheelbarrows of apples, oyster-stands, besides peddlers of small wares, dirty children at play, and other figures and things that a Dutch painter would seize upon.

I went a little way into St. Katharine's Dock, and found it crowded with great ships, then, returning, I strolled along the range of shops that front towards this side of the Tower. They have all something to do with ships, sailors, and commerce — being for the sale of ships stores, nautical instruments, arms, clothing, together with a tavern and grog-shop at every other door — bookstalls, too, covered with cheap novels and song-books — cigar-shops in great numbers, and everywhere were sailors and here and there a soldier, and children at the doorsteps, and women showing themselves at the doors or windows of their domiciles. These latter figures, however, pertain rather to the street up which I walked, penetrating into the interior of this region, which, I think, is Blackwall — no,

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great quietude The interior looked very sombre, and the dome hung over us like a cloudy sky I wish it were possible to pass directly from St Paul's into York Minster, or from the latter into the former, that is, if one's mind could manage to stagger under both in the same day There is no other way of judging of their comparative effect.

Under the influence of that grand lullaby, — the roar of the city — we sat for some time after we were sufficiently rested, but at last plunged forth again, and went up Newgate Street, pausing to look through the iron railings of Christ's Hospital The boys, however, were not at play so we went onward in quest of Smithfield, and on our way had a greeting from Mr Silsbee, a gentleman of our own native town Parting with him we found Smithfield, which is still occupied with pens for cattle, though I believe it has ceased to be a cattle-market. Except it be St. Bartholomew's Hospital on one side, there is nothing interesting in this ugly square, though, no doubt, a few feet under the pavement there are bones and ashes as precious as anything of the kind on earth. I wonder when men will begin to erect monuments to human error hitherto their pillars and statues have only been for the sake of glorification But after all, the present fashion may be the better and wholesomer

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We were under Mr Silsbee's guidance for the day, and first we looked at the sculpture which is composed chiefly of casts or copies of the most famous statues of all ages, and likewise of those crumbs and little fragments which have fallen from Time's jaw — and half-picked bones, as it were, that have been gathered up from spots where he has feasted full, — torsos, heads and broken limbs, some of them half worn away as if they had been rolled over and over in the sea. I saw nothing in the sculptural way either modern or antique, that impressed me so much as a statue of a nude mother by a French artist. In a sitting posture, with one knee over the other, she was clasping her hugest knee with both hands and in the hollow cradle thus formed by her arms lay two sweet little babies as snug and close to her heart as if they had not yet been born, — two

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We then wandered into the House of Diomed, which seemed to me a dismal abode, affording no possibility of comfort. We sat down in one of the rooms, on an iron bench, very cold.

It being by this time two o'clock, we went to the Refreshment room and lunched — and before we had finished our repast, my wife discovered that she had lost her sable tippet, which she had been carrying on her arm. Mr Silsbee most kindly and obligingly immediately went in quest of it, but to no purpose.

Upon entering the Tropical Saloon, we found a most welcome and delightful change of temperature among those gigantic leaves of banyan-trees, and the broad expanse of water plants floating on lakes, and spacious aviaries, where

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It seems to me nobody else runs such risks as a man of business, because he risks everything. Every other man, into whatever depth of poverty he may sink, has still something left, be he author, scholar, handicraftsman, or what not: the merchant has nothing.

We parted with a long and strong grasp of the hand, and — promised to come and see us soon.

On my way home I called at Trubner's in Paternoster Row. I waited a few minutes, he being busy with a tall, muscular, English-built man, who after he had taken leave, Trubner told me was Charles Reade. I once met

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Gray's Inn, which is a great, quiet domain, quadrangle beyond quadrangle, close beside Holborn, and a large space of greensward enclosed within it. It is very strange to find so much of ancient quietude right in the monster city's very jaws, which yet the monster shall not eat up, — right in its very belly, indeed, which yet, in all these ages, it shall not digest and convert into the same substance as the rest of its bustling streets. Nothing else in London is so like the effect of a spell, as to pass under one of these archways, and find yourself transported from the jumble, mob, tumult, uproar, as of an age of week-days condensed into the present hour, into what seems an eternal sabbath. Thence we went into Staples Inn, I think it was, — which has a front upon Holborn of four or five ancient gables in a row, and a low arch under the impending story, admitting you into a paved quadrangle, beyond which you have the vista of another. I do not understand that the residences and chambers in these Inns of Court are now exclusively let to lawyers, though such inhabitants certainly seem to preponderate there.

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great significance as indicating the modes of life of a long-past race. I remember nothing particularly just now, except some pieces of broken glass iridescent with certainly the most beautiful hues in the world, — indescribably beautiful, and unimaginably, unless one can conceive of the colors of the rainbow, and a thousand glorious sunsets, and the autumnal forest leaves of America, all condensed upon a little fragment of a glass cup — and that, too, without becoming in the least glaring or flagrant, but mildly glorious, as we may fancy the shifting hues of an angel's wing may be. I think this chaste splendor will glow in my memory for years to come. It is the effect of time, and cannot be imitated by any known process of art. I have seen it in specimens of old Roman glass, which has been famous here in England — but never in anything is there the brilliancy of these Oriental fragments. How strange that decay in dark places and underground, and where there are a billion chances to one that nobody will ever see its handiwork, should produce these beautiful effects! The glass seems to become perfectly brittle, so that it would vanish like a soap-bubble, if touched.

Ascending the stairs, I went through the halls of fossil remains, — which I care little for though one of them is a human skeleton in limestone, — and through several rooms of min

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By and by I entered the room of Egyptian mummies, of which there are a good many, one of which, the body of a priestess, is unrolled, except the innermost layer of linen. The outline of her face is perfectly visible. Mummies of cats, dogs, snakes, and children are in the wall-cases, together with a vast many articles of Egyptian manufacture and use,—even children's toys, bread, too, in flat cakes grapes, that have turned to raisins in the grave queerest of all, methinks, a curly wig, that is supposed to have belonged to a woman,—together with the wooden box that held it. The hair is brown, and the wig is as perfect as if it had been made for some now living dowager.

From Egypt we pass into rooms containing vases and other articles of Grecian and Roman workmanship, and funeral urns, and beads, and rings, none of them very beautiful. I saw some splendid specimens, however, at a former visit, when I obtained admission to a room not indiscriminately shown to visitors. What chiefly interested me in that room was a cast taken from the face of Cromwell after death representing a wide mouthed, long-chinned, uncomely visage, with a triangular English nose in the very centre. There were various other curiosities,

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By and by I entered the room of Egyptian mummies, of which there are a good many, one of which, the body of a priestess, is unrolled, except the innermost layer of linen. The outline of her face is perfectly visible. Mummies of cats, dogs, snakes, and children are in the wall-cases, together with a vast many articles of Egyptian manufacture and use, — even children's toys, bread, too, in flat cakes grapes, that have turned to raisins in the grave queerest of all, methinks, a curly wig, that is supposed to have belonged to a woman, — together with the wooden box that held it. The hair is brown, and the wig is as perfect as if it had been made for some now living dowager.

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Here — not to speak of the noble rooms and halls — there are numberless treasures beyond all price too valuable in their way for me to select any one as more curious and valuable than many others. Letters of statesmen and warriors of all nations, and several centuries back, — among which long as it has taken Europe to produce them, I saw none so illustrious as those of Washington nor more so than Franklin's, whom America gave to the world in her nonage and epistles of poets and artists and of kings too whose chirography appears to have been much better than I should have expected from fingers so often cramped in iron gauntlets. In another case there were the ori-

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As I do not mean to fill any more pages with the British Museum, I will just mention the hall of Egyptian antiquities, on the ground-floor of the edifice, though I did not pass through it to-day. They consist of things that would be very ugly and contemptible if they were not so immensely magnified, but it is impossible not to acknowledge a certain grandeur, resulting from the scale on which those strange old sculptors wrought. For instance, there is a granite fist of prodigious size, at least a yard across and looking as if it were doubled in the face of Time, defying him to destroy it. All the rest of the statue to which it belonged seems to have vanished, but this fist will certainly outlast the Museum, and whatever else it contains, unless it be some similar Egyptian ponderosity. There is a beetle, wrought out of immensely hard black stone, as big as a hog's-head. It is satisfactory to see a thing so big and heavy. Then there are huge stone sarcophagi engraved with hieroglyphics within and without all as good as new, though their age is reckoned

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From the Gallery I almost groped my way towards the city, for the fog seemed to grow denser and denser as I advanced and when I reached St. Paul's, the sunny intermixture above spoken of was at its minimum so that the smoke-cloud grew really black about the dome

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Bennoch came to take tea with us on the 5th, it being his first visit since we came to London, and likewise his farewell visit on our leaving for the Continent.

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At Folkestone we were deposited at a rail way station close upon a shingly beach on which the sea broke in foam and which Julian reported as strewn with shells and star-fish, behind was the town, with an old church in the midst and close at hand the pier, where lay the steamer in which we were to embark. But the air was so wintry that I had no heart to explore the town, or pick up shells with Julian on the beach so we kept within doors during the two hours of our stay, now and then looking out of the windows at a fishing-boat or two, as they pitched and rolled with an ugly and irregular motion such as the British Channel generally communicates to the craft that navigate it.

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We had feet warmers in the carriage, but the cold crept in, nevertheless and I do not remember hardly in my life a more disagreeable short journey than this, my first advance into French territory My impression of France will always be that it is an arctic region. At any season of the year, the tract over which we passed yesterday must be an uninteresting one as regards its natural features and the only adornment, as far as I could observe, which art has given it consists in straight rows of very stiff looking and slender-stemmed trees In the dusk they resembled poplar-trees

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It stands in the midst of the cold, white town, and has a high-shouldered look to a spectator accustomed to the minsters of England, which cover a great space of ground in proportion to their height. The impression the latter gives is of magnitude and mass. This French Cathedral strikes one as lofty. The exterior is venerable, though but little time-worn by the action of the atmosphere and statues still keep their places in numerous niches, almost as perfect as when first placed there in the thirteenth century. The principal doors are deep, elaborately wrought pointed arches — and the interior seemed to us at the moment, as grand as any that we had seen, and to afford as vast an idea of included space. It being of such an airy height,

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There is not much painted glass one or two very rich and beautiful rose-windows however, that looked antique and the great eastern window, which I think, is modern The pavement has probably, never been renewed, as one piece of work, since the structure was erected and is foot-worn by the successive generations, though still in excellent repair I saw one of the small square stones in it, bearing the date of 1597 and no doubt there are a thousand older ones It was gratifying to find the Cathedral in such good condition, without any traces of recent repair, and it is perhaps a mark of difference between French and English character that the Revolution in the former country, though all religious worship disappears before it, does not seem to have caused such violence to ecclesiastical monuments as the Reformation and the reign of Puritanism in the latter I did not see a mutilated shrine, or even a broken-nosed image, in the whole Cathedral But, probably the very rage of the English fanatics against idolatrous tokens, and their smashing blows at them, were symptoms of sincerer religious faith than the French were capable of These last did not care enough about their Saviour to beat down his crucified image and they preserved the works of sacred art, for the sake only of what beauty there was in them

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hole through, as before, but the ice immediately shot its crystallized tracery over it again and indeed, there was little or nothing to make it worth while to look out, so bleak was the scene. Now and then a *château* too far off for its characteristics to be discerned, now and then a church with a tall gray tower, and a little peak atop here and there a village or a town, which we could not well see. At sunset, there was just that clear, cold, wintry sky which I remember so well in America, but have never seen in England.

At five we reached Paris and were suffered to take a carriage to the Hotel de Louvre, without any examination of the little luggage we had with us. Arriving, we took a suite of apartments and the waiter immediately lighted a wax candle in each separate room.

We might have dined at the *table d'hôte*, but preferred the restaurant connected with and within the hotel. All the dishes were very delicate, and a vast change from the simple English system with its joints, shoulders beefsteaks, and chops but I doubt whether English cookery, for the very reason that it is so simple, is not better for men's moral and spiritual nature than French. In the former case, you know that you are gratifying your animal needs and propensities and are duly ashamed of it but, in dealing with these French delicacies, you delude your-

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right in the midst of Paris, and close to whatever is best known to those who hear or read about it, — the Louvre being across the street, the Palais Royal but a little way off the Tuileries joining to the Louvre, the Place de la Concorde just beyond verging on which is the Champs Elysees. We looked about us for a suitable place to dine, and soon found the Restaurant des Echelles where we entered at a venture, and were courteously received. It has a handsomely furnished saloon, much set off with gilding and mirrors, and appears to be frequented by English and Americans. its *carte*, a bound volume, being printed in English as well as French.

It was now nearly four o'clock, and too late to visit the galleries of the Louvre, or to do anything else but walk a little way along the street. The splendor of Paris, so far as I have seen, takes me altogether by surprise such stately edifices, prolonging themselves in unwearying magnificence and beauty, and ever and anon a long vista of a street, with a column rising at the end of it, or a triumphal arch wrought in memory of some grand event. The light stone or stucco wholly untarnished by smoke and soot, puts London to the blush if a blush could be seen on its dingy face but, indeed London is not to be mentioned with, nor compared even with Paris. I never knew what a palace was till

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A great part of this architectural splendor is due to the present Emperor, who has wrought a great change in the aspect of the city within a very few years. A traveller, if he looks at the thing selfishly, ought to wish him a long reign and arbitrary power, since he makes it his policy to illustrate his capital with palatial edifices, which are, however, better for a stranger to look at than for his own people to pay for

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*Hôtel de Louvre, January 9* — Last evening Mr Fezandie called. He spoke very freely respecting the Emperor and the hatred entertained against him in France but said that he is more powerful, that is more firmly fixed as a ruler than ever the first Napoleon was We, who look back upon the first Napoleon as one of the eternal facts of the past, a great boulder in history, cannot well estimate how momentary and unsubstantial the great Captain may have appeared to those who beheld his rise out of obscurity They never, perhaps, took the reality of his career fairly into their minds before it was over The present Emperor I believe has already been as

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Thence we turned into the Rue St. Denis, which is one of the oldest streets in Paris, and is said to have been first marked out by the track of the saint's footsteps, where, after his martyrdom, he walked along it, with his head under his arm, in quest of a burial place. This legend may account for any crookedness of the street, for it could not reasonably be asked of a headless man that he should walk straight.

Through some other indirections we at last found the Rue Bergere, down which I went with Julian in quest of Hottinguer & Co., the bankers while the rest of us went along the Boulevards, towards the church of the Madeleine. This business accomplished Julian and I threaded our way back, and overtook the rest of the party still a good distance from the Madeleine. I know not why the Boulevards are called so. They are a succession of broad walks through broad streets, and were much thronged with people, most of whom appeared to be bent more on pleasure than business. The sun long before this had come out brightly and gave us the first genial and comfortable sensations which we have had in Paris.

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When we entered we saw a crowd of people, all pressing forward towards the high altar before which burned a hundred wax lights, some of which were six or seven feet high and, altogether, they shone like a galaxy of stars. In the middle of the nave, moreover, there was another galaxy of wax candles burning around an immense pall of black velvet, embroidered with silver, which seemed to cover not only a coffin, but a sarcophagus, or something still more huge. The organ was rumbling forth a deep lugubrious bass, accompanied with heavy chanting of priests out of which sometimes rose the clear, young voices of choristers, like light flashing out of the gloom. The church, between the arches, along the nave, and round the altar, was hung with broad expanses of black cloth, and all the priests had their sacred vestments covered with black. They looked exceedingly well. I never saw anything half so well got up on the stage. Some of these ecclesiastical figures were very stately and noble, and knelt and bowed, and bore aloft the cross, and swung the censers in a way that I liked to see. The ceremonies of the Catholic Church were a superb work of art, or

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As we walked onward the Triumphal Arch began to loom up in the distance, looking huge and massive, though still a long way off. It was not however till we stood almost beneath it that we really felt the grandeur of this great arch including so large a space of the blue sky in its airy sweep. At a distance, it impresses the spectator with its solidity, nearer, with the lofty

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In the same suite of apartments there is a collection of miniatures, some of them very exquisite, and absolutely lifelike, on their small scale. I observed two of Franklin, both good and picturesque, one of them especially so with its cloud-like white hair. I do not think we have produced a man so interesting to contemplate, in many points of view, as he. Most of our great men are of a character that I find it impossible to warm into life by thought, or by lavishing any amount of sympathy upon them. Not so Franklin who had a great deal of common and uncommon human nature in him.

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I was wearied to death with the drawings, and began to have that dreary and desperate feeling which has often come upon me when the sights last longer than my capacity for receiving them. As our time in Paris, however, is brief and precious, we next inquired our way to the galleries of sculpture, and these alone are of astounding extent, reaching, I should think, all round one quadrangle of the Louvre, on the basement floor. Hall after hall opened interminably before us, and on either side of us paved and encrusted with variegated and beautifully polished marble, relieved against which stand the antique statues and groups interspersed with great urns and vases, sarcophagi, altars, tablets, busts of historic personages, and all manner of shapes of marble which consummate art has transmuted into precious stones. Not that I really did feel much impressed by any of this sculpture then, nor saw more than two or three things which I thought very beautiful, but whether it be good or no, I suppose the world has nothing better unless it be a few world renowned statues in Italy. I was even more struck by the skill and ingenuity of the French in arranging these sculptural remains than by the value of the sculptures themselves. The galleries, I should judge, have been recently prepared and on a magnificent system, — the

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he gave a detailed account of his own troubles on that score, then expressed a hope that I had made a good thing out of my consulate, and inquired whether I had received a hint to resign to which I replied that, for various reasons, I had resigned of my own accord, and before Mr Buchanan's inauguration. We agreed, however, in disapproving the system of periodical change in our foreign officials, and I remarked that a consul or an ambassador ought to be a citizen both of his native country and of the one in which he resided and that his possibility of beneficent influence depended largely on his being so. Apropos to which Mr —— said that he had once asked a diplomatic friend of long experience what was the first duty of a minister. "To love his own country, and to watch over its interests" answered the diplomatist. "And his second duty?" asked Mr —— "To love and to promote the interests of the country to which he is accredited," said his friend. This is a very Christian and sensible view of the matter, but it can scarcely have happened once in our whole diplomatic history, that a minister can have had time to overcome his first rude and ignorant prejudice against the country of his mission and if there were any suspicion of his having done so it would be held abundantly sufficient ground for his recall. I like Mr ——, a good hearted, sensible old man.

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we must first purchase a ticket for each grown person, at the price of half a franc each. This expenditure admitted us into the sacristy, where we were taken in charge by a guide, who came down upon us with an avalanche or cataract of French, descriptive of a great many treasures deposited in this chapel. I understood hardly more than one word in ten, but gathered doubtfully that a bullet which was shown us was the one that killed the late Archbishop of Paris, on the floor of the Cathedral. [But this was a mistake. It was the archbishop who was killed in the insurrection of 1848. Two joints of his backbone were also shown.] Also, that some gorgeously embroidered vestments, which he drew forth, had been used at the coronation of Napoleon I. There were two large, full-length portraits hanging aloft in the sacristy and a gold or silver gilt, or, at all events, gilt image, of the Virgin, as large as life, standing on a pedestal. The guide had much to say about these, but, understanding him so imperfectly, I have nothing to record.

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When we emerged from the Cathedral, we found it beginning to rain or snow, or both, and as we had dismissed our fiacre at the door, and could find no other, we were at a loss what to do. We stood a few moments on the steps of the Hotel Dieu, looking up at the front of Notre Dame, with its twin towers, and its three deep-pointed arches, piercing through a great thickness of stone, and throwing a cavern-like gloom around these entrances. The front is very rich. Though so huge, and all of gray stone, it is carved and fretted with statues and innumerable devices, as cunningly as any ivory casket in which relics are kept, but its size did not so much impress me.

*Hôtel de Louvre, January 12* — This has been a bright day as regards weather, but I have done little or nothing worth recording. After breakfast, I set out in quest of the consul, and found him up a court, at 51 Rue Cammartin, in an office rather smaller, I think, than mine at Liverpool, but, to say the truth, a little better furnished. I was received in the outer apart-

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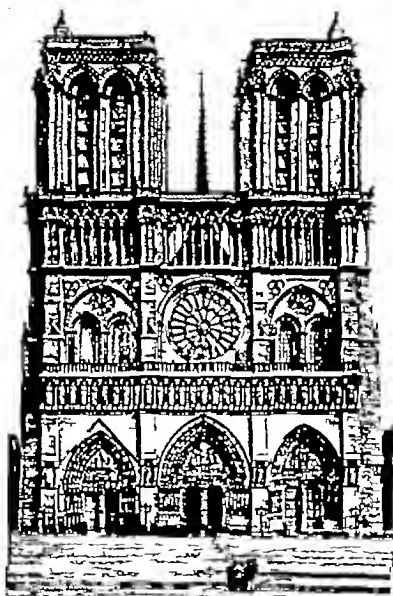
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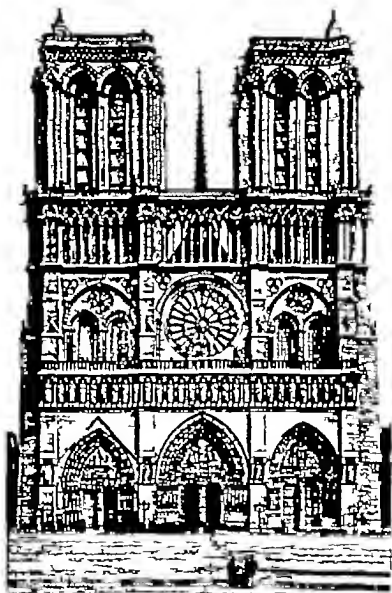
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Afterwards I walked to Notre Dame, the rich front of which I viewed with more attention than yesterday. There are whole histories, carved in stone figures within the vaulted arches of the three entrances in this west front, and twelve apostles in a row above, and as much other sculpture as would take a month to see. We then walked quite round it, but I had no sense of immensity from it, not even that of great height as from many of the cathedrals in England. It stands very near the Seine indeed, if I mistake not, it is on an island formed by two branches of the river. Behind it is what seems to be a small public ground (or garden, if a space entirely denuded of grass or other green thing except a few trees can be called so), with benches, and a monument in the midst. This quarter of the city looks old, and appears to be inhabited by poor people, and to be busied about small and petty affairs the most picturesque business that I saw being that of the old woman who sells crucifixes of pearl and of wood at the cathedral door. We bought two of these yesterday.

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By the bye, as we drove to the railway, we passed through the public square where the Bastille formerly stood and in the centre of it now stands a column, surmounted by a golden figure of Mercury (I think), which seems to be just on the point of casting itself from a gilt ball into the air. This statue is so buoyant, that the spectator feels quite willing to trust it to the viewless element, being as sure that it would be borne up as that a bird would fly

Our first day's journey was wholly without interest, through a country entirely flat, and looking wretchedly brown and barren. There were rows of trees, very slender, very prim and formal there was ice wherever there happened to be any water to form it there were occasional villages, compact little streets or masses of stone or plastered cottages very dirty and with gable ends and earthen roofs and a succession of this same landscape was all that we saw, whenever we rubbed away the congelation

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onal earthen tiles, on one side were windows, looking into the courtyard, on the other, doors opening into the sleeping-chambers. The corridor was of immense length, and seemed still to lengthen itself before us, as the glimmer of our conductor's candle went farther and farther into the obscurity. Our own chamber was at a vast distance along this passage, those of the rest of the party were on the hither side, but all this immense suite of rooms appeared to communicate by doors from one to another, like the chambers through which the reader wanders at midnight, in Mrs Radcliffe's romances. And they were really splendid rooms, though of an old fashion, lofty, spacious, with floors of oak or other wood, inlaid in squares and crosses and waxed till they were slippery, but without carpets. Our own sleeping room had a deep fireplace, in which we ordered a fire and asked if there were not some saloon already warmed where we could get a cup of tea.

Hereupon the waiter led us back along the endless corridor, and down the old stone staircases, and out into the quadrangle, and journeyed with us along an exterior arcade, and finally threw open the door of the *salle à manger*, which proved to be a room of lofty height, with a vaulted roof, a stone floor, and interior spaciousness sufficient for a baronial hall, the whole bearing the same aspect of times gone by that

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The square was surrounded by stately buildings, but had what seemed to be barracks for soldiers, — at any rate, mean little huts, deforming its ample space , and a soldier was on guard before the statue of Louis le Grand It was a cold, misty morning, and a fog lay throughout the area, so that I could scarcely see from one side of it to the other

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We left it, after a poor breakfast, and went to the railway station Looking at the mountainous heap of our luggage the night before, we had missed a great carpet bag and we now found that Miss M——’s trunk had been substituted for it, and, there being the proper number of packages as registered it was impossible to convince the officials that anything was wrong We, of course began to generalize forthwith, and pronounce the incident to be characteristic

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peculiar blue. It rushed along very fast sometimes whitening over shallow descents and even in its calmer intervals its surface was all covered with whirls and eddies, indicating that it dashed onward in haste. I do not now know the name of this river but have set it down as the "Arrowy Rhone." It kept us company a long while and I think we did not part with it as long as daylight remained. I have seldom seen hill scenery that struck me more than some that we saw to-day, and the old feudal towers and old villages at their feet, and the old churches, with spires shaped just like extinguishers gave it an interest accumulating from many centuries past.

Still going southward, the vineyards began to border our track together with what I at first took to be orchards, but soon found were plantations of olive-trees, which grow to a much larger size than I supposed, and look almost exactly like very crabbed and eccentric apple-trees. Neither they nor the vineyards add anything to the picturesqueness of the landscape.

On the whole, I should have been delighted with all this scenery if it had not looked so bleak, barren brown, and bare, so like the wintry New England before the snow has fallen. It was very cold too, ice along the borders of streams, even among the vineyards and olives. The houses are of rather a different shape here

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but we inquired our way of old women and soldiers, who were very kind and courteous, — especially the latter, — and were directed aright. We came to a large, oblong, public place, set with trees but devoid of grass, like all public places in France. In the middle of it was a bronze statue of an ecclesiastical personage, stretching forth his hands in the attitude of addressing the people or of throwing a benediction over them. It was some archbishop, who had distinguished himself by his humanity and devotedness during the plague of 1720. At the moment of our arrival the piazza was quite thronged with people who seemed to be talking amongst themselves with considerable earnestness, though without any actual excitement. They were smoking cigars and we judged that they were only loitering here for the sake of the sunshine, having no fires at home, and nothing to do. Some looked like gentlemen others like peasants most of them I should have taken for the *lazzaroni* of this Southern city, — men with cloth caps, like the classic liberty-cap, or with wide-awake hats. There were one or two women of the lower classes, without bonnets, the elder ones with white caps the younger bareheaded. I have hardly seen a lady in Marseilles and I suspect it being a commercial city, and dirty to the last degree, ill built, narrow-streeted, and sometimes pesti-

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Julian and I now wandered by ourselves along a circular line of quays, having on one side of us a thick forest of masts, while on the other was a sweep of shops, bookstalls, sailors restaurants and drinking houses, fruit sellers, candy women, and all manner of open air dealers and peddlers little children playing, and jumping the rope, and such a babble and bustle as I never saw or heard before the sun lying along the whole sweep, very hot, and evidently very grateful to those who basked in it. Whenever I passed into the shade, immediately from too warm I became too cold. The sunshine was like hot air the shade, like the touch of cold steel sharp, hard, yet exhilarating. From the broad street of the quays, narrow, thread-like lanes pierced up between the edifices, calling themselves streets, yet so narrow that a person in the middle could almost touch the houses on either hand. They ascended steeply, bordered on each side by long contiguous walls of high houses and from the time of their first being built, could never have had a gleam of sunshine in them, —always in shadow, always

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(Later) — I walked out with Julian yesterday morning, and reached the outskirts of the city, whence we could see the bold and picturesque heights that surround Marseilles as with a semicircular wall. They rise into peaks, and the town, being on their lower slope, descends from them towards the sea with a gradual sweep. Adown the streets that descend these declivities come little rivulets, running along over the pavement, close to the sidewalks, as over a pebbly bed, and though they look vastly like kennels, I saw women washing linen in these streams, and others dipping up the water for household purposes. The women appear very much in public at Marseilles. In the squares and places you see half a dozen of them together sitting in a social circle on the bottoms of upturned baskets, knitting, talking, and enjoying the public sunshine, as if it were their

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I have been struck with the idle curiosity, and, at the same time the courtesy and kindness, of the populace of Marseilles, and I meant to exemplify it by recording how Miss S—— and I attracted their notice, and became the centre of a crowd of at least fifty of them, while doing no more remarkable thing than settling with a cab-driver. But really this pitch and swell is getting too bad, and I shall go to bed, as the best chance of keeping myself in an equable state.

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In the first place he took us through narrow streets to an old church, the name of which I have forgotten, and indeed, its peculiar features, but I know that I found it preeminently magnificent, — its whole interior being encased in polished marble, of various kinds and colors, its ceiling painted, and its chapels adorned with pictures. However, this church was dazzled out of sight by the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, to which we were afterwards conducted, whose exterior front is covered with alternate slabs of black and white marble, which were brought, either in whole or in part, from Jerusalem. Within, there was a prodigious richness of precious marbles and a pillar, if I mistake not, from Solomon's Temple and a picture of the Virgin by St. Luke and others (rather more intrinsically valuable, I imagine) by old masters, set in superb marble frames, within the arches of the chapels. I used to try to imagine how the English cathedrals must have looked in their primeval glory, before the Reforma

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In the Cathedral, and in all the churches, we saw priests and many persons kneeling at their devotions, and our *Salvator Rosa*, whenever we passed a chapel or shrine, failed not to touch the pavement with one knee, crossing himself the while and once, when a priest was going through some form of devotion he stopped a few moments to share in it.

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The next morning we found ourselves in the harbor of Civita Vecchia, and, going ashore with our luggage, went through a blind turmoil with custom-house officers, inspectors of passports, soldiers, and vetturino people. My wife and I strayed a little through Civita Vecchia, and found its streets narrow, like clefts in a rock (which seems to be the fashion of Italian towns), and smelling nastily. I had made a bargain with a vetturino to send us to Rome in a carriage, with four horses in eight hours, and as soon as the custom house and passport people would let us, we started, lumbering slowly along with our mountain of luggage. We had heard rumors of robberies lately committed on this route, especially of a Nova Scotia bishop, who was detained on the road an hour and a half, and utterly pillaged and certainly there was not a single mile of the dreary and desolate country over which we passed, where we might not have been robbed and murdered with impunity. Now and then, at long distances we came to a structure that was either a prison, a tavern, or a barn, but did not look very much like either, being strongly built of stone, with iron-grated windows, and of ancient and rusty aspect. We kept along by the seashore a great part of the way, and stopped to feed our horses at a village, the

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poisoned at point and edge. I did not think that cold weather could have made me so very miserable. Having caught a feverish influenza, I was really glad of being muffled up comfortably in the fever heat. The atmosphere certainly has a peculiar quality of malignity. After a day or two we settled ourselves in a suite of ten rooms, comprehending one flat, or what is called the second piano of this house. The rooms, thus far, have been very uncomfortable, it being impossible to warm them by means of the deep, old-fashioned, inertificial fireplaces, unless we had the great logs of a New England forest to burn in them, so I have sat in my corner by the fireside with more clothes on than I ever wore before, and my thickest great-coat over all. In the middle of the day I generally venture out for an hour or two, but have only once been warm enough even in the sunshine, and out of the sun never at any time. I understand now the force of that story of Diogenes when he asked the Conqueror, as the only favor he could do him, to stand out of his sunshine, there being such a difference in these southern climes of Europe between sun and shade. If my wits had not been too much congealed, and my fingers too numb I should like to have kept a minute journal of my feelings and impressions during the past fortnight. It would have shown modern Rome in an aspect in which it has never

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have an excellent opportunity to secure the welfare of their souls

*February 7* — I cannot get fairly into the current of my journal since we arrived, and already I perceive that the nice peculiarities of Roman life are passing from my notice before I have recorded them. It is a very great pity.

During the past week I have plodded daily, for an hour or two, through the narrow stony streets, that look worse than the worst backside lanes of any other city, indescribably ugly and disagreeable they are, without sidewalks but provided with a line of larger square stones, set crosswise to each other along which there is somewhat less uneasy walking. Ever and anon, even in the meanest streets — though, generally speaking, one can hardly be called meaner than another, — we pass a palace, extending far along the narrow way on a line with the other houses, but distinguished by its architectural windows, iron barred on the basement story, and by its portal arch, through which we have glimpses, sometimes of a dirty courtyard, or perhaps of a clean ornamented one, with trees, a colonnade a fountain and a statue in the vista, though more likely, it resembles the entrance to a stable, and may perhaps, really be one. The lower regions of palaces come to strange uses in Rome. In the basement

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is such a delightful summer like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy, padded leather curtains that protect the entrances. It is almost impossible not to believe that this genial temperature is the result of furnace heat, — but, really, it is the warmth of last summer, which will be included within those massive walls, and in that vast immensity of space till, six months hence, this winter's chill will just have made its way thither. It would be an excellent plan for a valetudinarian to lodge during the winter in St. Peter's, perhaps establishing his household in one of the papal tombs. I become, I think, more sensible of the size of St. Peter's, but am as yet far from being overwhelmed by it. It is not, as one expects, so big as all out-o'-doors, nor is its dome so immense as that of the firmament. It looked queer, however the other day, to see a little ragged boy, the very least of human things, going round and kneeling at shrine after shrine, and a group of children standing on tiptoe to reach the vase of holy water.

On coming out of St. Peter's at my last visit, I saw a great sheet of ice around the fountain on the right hand, and some little Romans awkwardly sliding on it. I too, took a slide, just for the sake of doing what I never thought to do in Rome. This inclement weather, I should suppose, must make the whole city very miser

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To-day I walked out along the Pincian Hill.

As the clouds still threatened rain, I deemed it my safest course to go to St. Peter's for refuge. Heavy and dull as the day was, the effect of this great world of a church was still brilliant in the interior as if it had a sunshine of its own, as well as its own temperature and, by and by, the sunshine of the outward world came through the windows hundreds of feet aloft, and fell upon the beautiful inlaid pavement. Against a pillar, on one side of the nave, is a mosaic copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, fitly framed within a great arch of gorgeous marble and, no doubt, the indestructible mosaic has preserved it far more completely than the fading and darkening tints in which the artist painted it. At any rate, it seemed to me the one glorious picture that I have ever seen. The pillar nearest the great entrance, on the left of the nave, supports the monument to the Stuart family where two winged figures, with inverted torches, stand on either side of a marble door, which is closed

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interest in the Carnival. The balconies along the Corso were almost entirely taken by English and Americans, or other foreigners.

As I approached the bridge of St. Angelo, I saw several persons engaged, as I thought, in fishing in the Tiber, with very strong lines; but, on drawing nearer, I found that they were trying to hook up the branches and twigs, and other driftwood which the recent rains might have swept into the river. There was a little heap of what looked chiefly like willow twigs, the poor result of their labor. The hook was a knot of wood with the lopped-off branches projecting in three or four prongs. The Tiber has always the hue of a mud puddle; but now, after a heavy rain which has washed the clay into it, it looks like pease soup. It is a broad and rapid stream, eddying along as if it were in haste to disgorge its impurities into the sea. On the left side, where the city mostly is situated, the buildings hang directly over the stream; on the other, where stand the Castle of St. Angelo and the Church of St. Peter, the town does not press so imminent upon the shore. The banks are clayey and look as if the river had been digging them away for ages; but I believe its bed is higher than of yore.

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*February 13* — Day before yesterday we took Julian and Rose in a carriage, and went to see the Carnival, by driving up and down the Corso It was as ugly a day, as respects weather, as has befallen us since we came to Rome, — clondy, with an indecisive wet, which finally settled into a rain and people say that such is generally the weather in Carnival time. There is very little to be said about the spectacle. Sunshine would have improved it, no doubt but a person must have very broad sunshine within himself to be joyous on such shallow provocation The street at all events, would have looked rather brilliant under a sunny sky, the balconies being hung with bright-colored draperies which were also flung out of some of the windows Soon I had my first experience of the Carnival, in a handful of confetti, right slap in my face Many of the ladies wore loose white dominoes and some of the gentlemen had on defensive armor of blouses and wire masks over the face were a protection for both sexes, — not a needless one for I received a shot in my right eye which cost me many tears It seems to be a point of courtesy (though often disregarded by Americans and English) not to fling confetti at ladies, or

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*February 14.* — Friday 12th was a sunny day, the first that we had had for some time and my wife and I went forth to see sights as well as to make some calls that had long been due. We went first to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which I have already mentioned, and, on our return we went to the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, and saw those admirable ancient statues of Castor and Pollux, which seem to me sons of the morning, and full of life and strength. The atmosphere in such a length of time, has covered the marble surface of these statues with a gray rust, that envelops both the men and horses as with a garment besides which, there are strange discolorations, such as patches of white moss on the elbows, and reddish streaks down the sides but the glory of form overcomes all these defects of color. It is pleasant to observe how familiar some little birds are with these colossal statues, — hopping about on their heads and over their huge fists and very likely they have nests in their ears or among their hair.

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William Story looks quite as vivid in a graver way, as when I saw him last, a very young man. His perplexing variety of talents and accomplishments—he being a poet, a prose writer, a lawyer, a painter, a musician, and a sculptor—seems now to be concentrating itself into this latter vocation, and I cannot see why he should not achieve something very good. He has a beautiful statue, already finished, of Goethe's Margaret, pulling a flower to pieces to discover whether Faust loves her—a very type of virginity and simplicity. The statue of Cleopatra, now only fourteen days advanced in the clay, is as wide a step from the little maidenly Margaret as any artist could take. It is a grand subject, and he is conceiving it with depth and power, and working it out with adequate skill. He certainly is sensible of something deeper in his art than merely to make beautiful nudities and baptize them by classic names. By the bye, he told us several queer stories of American visitors to his studio—one of them, after long inspecting Cleopatra, into which he has put all possible characteristics of her time and nation.

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Yesterday being another bright day, we went to the basilica of St. John Lateran, which is the basilica next in rank to St. Peter's, and has the precedence of it as regards certain sacred privileges. It stands on a most noble site, on the outskirts of the city commanding a view of the Sabine and Alban hills, blue in the distance, and some of them hoary with sunny snow. The ruins of the Claudian aqueduct are close at hand. The church is connected with the Lateran palace and museum, so that the whole is one edifice, but the façade of the church distinguishes it, and is very lofty and grand — more so, it seems to me, than that of St. Peter's. Under the portico is an old statue of Constantine, representing him as a very stout and sturdy personage. The inside of the church disappointed me, though, no doubt, I should have been wonder struck had I seen it a month ago. We went into one of the chapels, which was very rich in colored marbles, and, going down a winding staircase, found ourselves among the tombs and sarcophagi of the Corsini family and in presence of a marble *Pieta*, very beautifully sculptured. On the other side of the church we looked into the Torlonia Chapel, very rich and rather profusely gilded, but as it seemed to me, not tawdry though the white newness of the marble is not perfectly agreeable after being accustomed to the milder tint which time bestows on sculpture. The

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In reference to the interior splendor of Roman churches, I must say that I think it a pity that painted windows are exclusively a Gothic ornament for the elaborate ornamentation of these interiors puts the ordinary daylight out of countenance, so that a window with only the white sunshine coming through it, or even with a glimpse of the blue Italian sky, looks like a portion left unfinished, and therefore a blotch in the rich wall. It is like the one spot in Aladdin's palace which he left for the king, his father-in-law to finish, after his fairy architects had exhausted their magnificence on the rest, and the sun, like the king fails in the effort. It has what is called a *porta santa* which we saw walled up, in front of the church, one side of the main entrance. I know not what gives it its sanctity, but it appears to be opened by the pope on a year of jubilee, once every quarter of a century

After our return I took Rose along the Pincian Hill, and finally, after witnessing what of the Carnival could be seen in the Piazza del Popolo from that safe height, we went down into the Corso, and some little distance along it. Except for the sunshine, the scene was much the same as I have already described, perhaps fewer confetti and more bouquets. Some Ameri

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gentlemen, probably either English or American. I could not quite make out the principle on which he let some people pass without molestation, while he shuffled from one end of the platform to the other to intercept an occasional individual. He is not persistent in his demands, nor, indeed, is this a usual fault among Italian beggars. A shake of the head will stop him when wriggling towards you from a distance. I fancy he reaps a pretty fair harvest, and no doubt leads as contented and as interesting a life as most people, sitting there all day on those sunny steps, looking at the world, and making his profit out of it. It must be pretty much such an occupation as fishing, in its effect upon the hopes and apprehensions and probably he suffers no more from the many refusals he meets with than the angler does, when he sees a fish smell at his bait and swim away. One success pays for a hundred disappointments, and the game is all the better for not being entirely in his own favor.

Walking onward, I found the Pincian thronged with promenaders as also with carriages which drove round the verge of the gardens in an unbroken ring.

To-day has been very rainy. I went out in the forenoon and took a sitting for my bust in one of a suite of rooms formerly occupied by Canova. It was large, high, and dreary from

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After leaving Canova's studio, I stepped into the church of San Luigi de Franchesi, in the Via di Ripetta. It was built, I believe by Catherine de Medici, and is under the protection of the French government, and a most shamefully dirty place of worship the beautiful marble columns looking dingy, for the want of loving and pious care. There are many tombs and monuments of French people, both of the past and present, — artists, soldiers, priests, and others, who have died in Rome. It was so dusky within the church that I could hardly distinguish the pictures in the chapels and over the altar nor did I know that there were any worth looking for. Nevertheless, there were frescos by Domenichino, and oil paintings by Guido and others. I found it peculiarly touching to read the records, in Latin or French, of persons who had died in this foreign land, though they were not my own country people, and though I was even less akin to them than they to Italy. Still there was a sort of relationship in the fact that neither they nor I belonged here.

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to be two nuns at their devotions, and others of the sisterhood came by and by and joined them. Nuns, at least these nuns, who are French and probably ladies of refinement having the education of young girls in charge, are far pleasanter objects to see and think about than monks. the odor of sanctity, in the latter, not being an agreeable fragrance. But these holy sisters with their black crape and white muslin, looked really pure and unspotted from the world.

On the iron railing above mentioned was the representation of a golden heart, pierced with arrows, for these are nuns of the Sacred Heart. In the various chapels there are several paintings in fresco some by Daniele da Volterra, and one of them, The Descent from the Cross, has been pronounced the third greatest picture in the world. I never should have had the slightest suspicion that it was a great picture at all so worn and faded it looks and so hard so difficult to be seen and so undelightful when one does see it.

From the Trinita we went to the Santa Maria del Popolo, a church built on a spot where Nero is said to have been buried, and which was afterwards made horrible by devilish phantoms. It now being past twelve, and all the churches closing from twelve till two, we had not time to pay much attention to the frescos, oil pictures,

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the pope cast ashes on the heads of the cardinals, it being Ash Wednesday. On arriving, however, we found no more than the usual number of visitants and devotional people scattered through the broad interior of St. Peter's, and thence concluded that the ceremonies were to be performed in the Sistine Chapel. Accordingly we went out of the Cathedral, through the door in the left transept, and passed round the exterior, and through the vast courts of the Vatican, seeking for the chapel. We had blundered into the carriage entrance of the palace, there is an entrance from some point near the front of the church, but this we did not find. The papal guards in the strangest antique and antic costume that was ever seen — a party-colored dress, striped with blue, red, and yellow, white and black, with a doublet and ruff, and trunk-breeches, and armed with halberds — were on duty at the gateways but suffered us to pass without question. Finally we reached a large court, where some cardinals' red equipages and other carriages were drawn up, but were still at a loss as to the whereabouts of the chapel. At last an attendant kindly showed us the proper door and led us up flights of stairs, along passages and galleries, and through halls, till at last we came to a spacious and lofty apartment adorned with frescos — this was the Sala Regia, and the antechamber to the Sistine Chapel.

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Yesterday I went out betimes, and strayed through some portion of ancient Rome, to the Column of Trajan, to the Forum, thence along the Appian Way after which I lost myself among the intricacies of the streets, and finally came out at the bridge of St. Angelo. The first observation which a stranger is led to make, in the neighborhood of Roman ruins, is that the

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To-day which was bright and cool, my wife and I set forth immediately after breakfast, in search of the Baths of Diocletian, and the church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli. We went too far along the Via di Porta Pia, and after passing by two or three convents, and their high garden walls, and the villa Bonaparte on one side, and the villa Torlonia on the other at last issued through the city gate. Before us, far away were the Alban hills, the loftiest of which was absolutely silvered with snow and sunshine and set in the bluest and brightest of skies. We now retraced our steps to the Fountain of the Termini where is a ponderous heap of stone, representing Moses striking the rock a colossal figure, not without a certain enormous might and dignity, though rather too evidently looking his awfulest. This statue was the death of its sculptor, whose heart was broken on account of the

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I returned home early, in order to go with my wife to the Barberini Palace at two o'clock. We entered through the gateway, through the Via delle Quattro Fontane, passing one or two sentinels, for there is apparently a regiment of dragoons quartered on the ground floor of the palace, and I stumbled upon a room containing their saddles the other day, when seeking for Mr Story's staircase. The entrance to the picture gallery is by a door on the right hand, affording us a sight of a beautiful spiral staircase, which goes circling upward from the very basement to the very summit of the palace, with a perfectly easy ascent yet confining its sweep within a moderate compass. We looked up

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Close beside the Beatrice Cenci hangs the Fornarina.

While we were looking at these works Miss M—— unexpectedly joined us and we went, all three together, to the Rospigliosi Palace in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo. A porter, in cocked hat, and with a staff of office, admitted us into a spacious court before the palace, and directed us to a garden on one side, raised as much as twenty feet above the level on which we stood. The gardener opened the gate for us, and we ascended a beautiful stone staircase, with a carved balustrade, bearing many marks of time and weather. Reaching the garden level, we found it laid out in walks, bordered with box and ornamental shrubbery, amid which were lemon trees, and one large old exotic from some distant clime. In the centre of the garden, surrounded by a stone balustrade, like that of the staircase was a fish-pond, into which several jets of water were continually spouting and on pedestals, that made part of the balusters, stood eight marble statues of Apollo Cupid, nymphs, and other such sunny and beautiful people of classic mythology. There had been many more of these statues, but the rest

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In two other rooms of the Casino we saw pictures by Domenichino, Rubens, and other famous painters, which I do not mean to speak of, because I cared really little or nothing about them. Returning into the garden, the sunny warmth of which was most grateful after the chill air and cold pavement of the Casino, we walked round the laguna, examining the statues, and looking down at some little fishes that swarmed at the stone margin of the pool. There were two infants of the Rospigliosi family one, a young child playing with a maid and head-servant, another, the very chubbiest and rosiest boy in the world sleeping on its nurse's bosom. The nurse was a comely woman enough, dressed in bright colors, which fitly set off the deep lines of her Italian face. An old painter very likely would have beautified and refined the pair into a Madonna, with the child Jesus for an artist need not go far in Italy to find a picture ready composed and tinted, needing little more than to be literally copied

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I must not forget that, on our way from the Barberini Palace, we stopped an instant to look at the house, at the corner of the street of the four fountains, where Milton was a guest while in Rome. He seems quite a man of our own day, seen so clearly at the other extremity of the vista through which we look back, from the epoch of railways to that of the oldest Egyptian obelisk. The house (it was then occupied by the Cardinal Barberini) looks as if it might have been built within the present century for mediæval houses in Rome do not assume the aspect of antiquity, perhaps because the Italian style of architecture, or something similar, is the one more generally in vogue in most cities.

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I went along the Via di Ripetta, and through other streets, stepping into two or three churches, one of which was the Pantheon

There are, I think, seven deep, pillared recesses around the circumference of it, each of which becomes a sufficiently capacious chapel, and alternately with these chapels there is a marble structure, like the architecture of a doorway, beneath which is the shrine of a saint so that the whole circle of the Pantheon is filled up with the seven chapels and seven shrines. A number of persons were sitting or kneeling around, others came in while I was there, dipping their fingers in the holy water, and bending the knee, as they passed the shrines and chapels, until they reached the one which, apparently, they had selected as the particular altar for their devotions. Everybody seemed so devout, and in a frame of mind so suited to the day and place, that it really made me feel a little awkward not to be able to kneel down along with them. Unlike the worshippers in our own churches, each individual here seems to do his own individual acts of devotion, and I cannot but think it better so than to make an effort for united prayer as we do. It is my opinion that a great deal of devout and reverential feeling is kept alive in people's hearts by the Catholic mode of worship.

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two amid a prodigious fuss of gods and monsters. Thence we passed by the poor, battered down torso of Pasquin, and came, by devious ways, to the bridge of St. Angelo the streets bearing pretty much their week-day aspect, many of the shops open, the market-stalls doing their usual business, and the people brisk and gay, though not indecorously so. I suppose there was hardly a man or woman who had not heard mass, confessed, and said their prayers, a thing which—the prayers, I mean,—it would be absurd to predicate of London, New York, or any Protestant city. In however adulterated a guise, the Catholics do get a draught of devotion to slake the thirst of their souls, and methinks it must needs do them good, even if not quite so pure as if it came from better cisterns, or from the original fountain head.

Arriving at St. Peter's shortly after two, we walked round the whole church, looking at all the pictures and most of the monuments and paused longest before Guido's Archangel Michael overcoming Lucifer. This is surely one of the most beautiful things in the world, one of the human conceptions that are imbued most deeply with the celestial.

We then sat down in one of the aisles and awaited the beginning of Vespers, which we supposed would take place at half past three. Four o'clock came, however, and no Vespers,

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I believe, in all I had seen a bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, and was surprised at its thin and withered aspect but this head is of a very ugly old man indeed, — wrinkled, puckered, shrunken, lacking breadth and substance careworn, grim, as if he had fought hard with life, and had suffered in the conflict a man of schemes, and of eager effort to bring his schemes to pass His profile is by no means good, advancing from the top of his forehead to the tip of his nose, and retreating, at about the same angle, from the latter point to the bottom of his chin, which seems to be thrust forcibly down into his meagre neck, — not that he pokes his head forward, however, for it is particularly erect.

The head of Augustus is very beautiful, and appears to be that of a meditative, philosophic man, saddened with the sense that it is not very much worth while to be at the summit of human greatness after all It is a sorrowful thing to trace the decay of civilization through this series of busts, and to observe how the artistic skill, so requisite at first, went on declining through the dreary dynasty of the Cæsars till at length the master of the world could not get his head carved in better style than the figure-head of a ship

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the inscription We knocked at the door with out effect, but a lame beggar, who sat at another door of the same house (which looked exceedingly like a liquor shop), desired us to follow him, and began to ascend to the Capitol, by the causeway leading from the Forum A little way upward we met a woman, to whom the beggar delivered us over, and she led us into a church or chapel door, and pointed to a long flight of steps which descended through twilight into utter darkness She called to somebody in the lower regions, and then went away, leaving us to get down this mysterious staircase by ourselves Down we went, farther and farther from the daylight, and found ourselves, anon, in a dark chamber or cell, the shape or boundaries of which we could not make out, though it seemed to be of stone, and black and dungeon-like. Indistinctly, and from a still farther depth in the earth, we heard voices, — one voice, at least, — apparently not addressing ourselves, but some other persons and soon, directly beneath our feet, we saw a glimmering of light through a round, iron-grated hole in the bottom of the dungeon. In a few moments the glimmer and the voice came up through this hole, and the light disappeared, and it and the voice came glimmering and babbling up a flight of stone stairs, of which we had not hitherto been aware It was the custode, with a party of

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so haunted with black memories and indistinct surmises of guilt and suffering. In old Rome, I suppose, the citizens never spoke of this dungeon above their breath. It looks just as bad as it is, round, only seven paces across, yet so obscure that our tapers could not illuminate it from side to side,—the stones of which it is constructed being as black as midnight. The custode showed us a stone post, at the side of the cell, with the hole in the top of it, into which, he said, St. Peter's chain had been fastened and he uncovered a spring of water in the middle of the stone floor, which he told us had miraculously gushed up to enable the saint to baptize his jailer. The miracle was perhaps the more easily wrought, inasmuch as Jugurtha had found the floor of the dungeon oozy with wet. However, it is best to be as simple and childlike as we can in these matters, and whether St. Peter stamped his visage into the stone, and wrought this other miracle or no, and whether or no he ever was in the prison at all, still the belief of a thousand years and more gives a sort of reality and substance to such traditions. The custode dipped an iron ladle into the miraculous water, and we each of us drank a sip, and, what is very remarkable, to me it seemed hard water and almost brackish, while many persons think it the sweetest in Rome. I suspect that St. Peter still dabbles in this water, and tempers its

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*February 24.* — Yesterday I crossed the Ponte Sisto, and took a short ramble on the other side of the river, and it rather surprised me to discover, pretty nearly opposite the Capitoline Hill, a quay, at which several schooners and barks, of two or three hundred tons burden, were moored. There was also a steamer, armed with a large gun and two brass swivels on her fore-castle, and I know not what artillery besides. Probably she may have been a revenue cutter

Returning I crossed the river by way of the island of St. Bartholomew over two bridges. The island is densely covered with buildings, and is a separate small fragment of the city. It was a tradition of the ancient Romans that it was formed by the aggregation of soil and rubbish brought down by the river, and accumulating round the nucleus of some sunken baskets.

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old cellar, with a shattered brick chimney half crumbling down into it, in New England

By this time I knew not whither I was going and turned aside from a broad, paved road (it was the Appian Way) into the Via Latina, which I supposed would lead to one of the city gates. It was a lonely path on my right hand extensive piles of ruin, in strange shapes or shapelessness, built of the broad and thin old Roman bricks, such as may be traced everywhere, when the stucco has fallen away from a modern Roman house for I imagine there has not been a new brick made here for a thousand years. On my left, I think, was a high wall, and before me, grazing in the road [the buffalo calf of The Marble Faun — S H] The road went boldly on, with a well-worn track up to the very walls of the city, but there it abruptly terminated at an ancient, closed-up gateway. From a notice posted against a door which appeared to be the entrance to the ruins on my left, I found that these were the remains of Columbaria, where the dead used to be put away in pigeon holes. Reaching the paved road again, I kept on my course, passing the tomb of the Scipios, and soon came to the gate of San Sebastiano, through which I entered the Campagna. Indeed the scene around was so rural, that I had fancied myself already beyond the walls. As the afternoon was getting ad-

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making copies of the more celebrated pictures, and in all or in most cases missing the especial points that made their celebrity and value. The Prince Borghese certainly demeans himself like a kind and liberal gentleman, in throwing open this invaluable collection to the public to see, and for artists to carry away with them, and diffuse all over the world, so far as their own power and skill will permit. It is open every day of the week, except Saturday and Sunday, without any irksome restriction or supervision, and the fee, which custom requires the visitor to pay to the custode, has the good effect of making us feel that we are not intruders, nor received in an exactly eleemosynary way. The thing could not be better managed.

The collection is one of the most celebrated in the world, and contains between eight and nine hundred pictures, many of which are esteemed masterpieces. I think I was not in a frame for admiration to-day, nor could achieve that free and generous surrender of myself which I have already said is essential to the proper estimate of anything excellent. Besides, how is it possible to give one's soul, or any considerable part of it, to a single picture, seen for the first time, among a thousand others, all of which set forth their own claims in an equally good light? Furthermore, there is an external weariness and sense of a thousand fold sameness to be

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went out to ramble in the sun, for it was now brightly, though fitfully, shining again. I walked through the Forum (where a thorn thrust itself out and tore the sleeve of my talma), and under the Arch of Titus, towards the Coliseum. About a score of French drummers were beating a long, loud roll-call, at the base of the Coliseum and under its arches, and a score of trumpeters responded to these, from the rising ground opposite the Arch of Constantine, and the echoes of the old Roman ruins, especially those of the Palace of the Cæsars, responded to this martial uproar of the barbarians. There seemed to be no cause for it, but the drummers beat, and the trumpeters blew, as long as I was within hearing.

I walked along the Appian Way as far as the Baths of Caracalla. The Palace of the Cæsars, which I have never yet explored, appears to be crowned by the walls of a convent, built, no doubt, out of some of the fragments that would suffice to build a city and I think there is another convent among the baths. The Catholics have taken a peculiar pleasure in planting themselves in the very citadels of paganism, whether temples or palaces. There has been a good deal of enjoyment in the destruction of old Rome. I often think so when I see the elaborate pains that have been taken to smash and demolish some beautiful column, for no purpose what

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A little way beyond Cecilia Metella's tomb, the road still shows a specimen of the ancient Roman pavement, composed of broad, flat flagstones, a good deal cracked and worn, but sound enough, probably, to outlast the little cubes which make the other portions of the road so uncomfortable. We turned back from this point, and soon reentered the gate of St. Sebastian, which is flanked by two small towers and just within which is the old triumphal arch of Drusus, — a sturdy construction, much dilapidated as regards its architectural beauty, but rendered far more picturesque than it could have been in its best days by a crown of verdure on its head. Probably so much of the dust of the highway has risen in clouds and settled there, that sufficient soil for shrubbery to root itself has thus been collected, by small annual contributions in the course of two thousand years. A little farther towards the city we turned aside from the Appian Way, and came to the site of some ancient Columbaria, close by what seemed to partake of the character of a villa and

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After ascending out of this chamber of the dead, we looked down into another similar one, containing the ashes of Pompey's household, which was discovered only a very few years ago. Its arrangement was the same as that first described, except that it had no central pier with a passage round it, as the former had.

While we were down in the first chamber the proprietor of the spot—a half-gentlemanly and very affable kind of person—came to us, and explained the arrangements of the Columbarium, though, indeed we understood them better by their own aspect than by his explanation. The whole soil around his dwelling is elevated much above the level of the road, and it is prob-

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After ascending out of this chamber of the dead, we looked down into another similar one, containing the ashes of Pompey's household, which was discovered only a very few years ago. Its arrangement was the same as that first described, except that it had no central pier with a passage round it, as the former had.

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by a high fence, and accessible through a gateway, leading into a court. I think the tomb is wholly subterranean, and that the ground above it is covered with the buildings of a farmhouse, but of this I cannot be certain, as we were led immediately into a dark, underground passage, by an elderly peasant, of a cheerful and affable demeanor. As soon as he had brought us into the twilight of the tomb, he lighted a long wax taper for each of us, and led us groping into blacker and blacker darkness. Even little Rose followed courageously in the procession, which looked very picturesque, as we glanced backward or forward, and beheld a twinkling line of seven lights, glimmering faintly on our faces, and showing nothing beyond. The passages and niches of the tomb seem to have been hewn and hollowed out of the rock, not built by any art of masonry but the walls were very dark, almost black, and our tapers so dim that I could not gain a sufficient breadth of view to ascertain what kind of place it was. It was very dark, indeed, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky could not be darker. The rough hewn roof was within touch and sometimes we had to stoop to avoid hitting our heads. It was covered with damp, which collected and fell upon us in occasional drops. The passages besides being narrow, were so irregular and crooked, that, after going a little way, it would have been impossible to

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was converted from its pagan consecration into a church or chapel, by the early Christians and the ancient marble pillars of the temple may still be seen, built in with the brick and stucco of the later occupants. There is an altar, and other tokens of a Catholic church, and, high towards the ceiling, there are some frescos of saints or angels, very curious specimens of mediæval, and earlier than mediæval art. Nevertheless, the place impressed me as still rather pagan than Christian. What is most remarkable about this spot or this vicinity lies in the fact that the Fountain of Egeria was formerly supposed to be close at hand, indeed, the custode of the chapel still claims the spot as the identical one consecrated by the legend. There is a dark grove of trees, not far from the door of the temple but Murray, a highly essential nuisance on such excursions as this, throws such overwhelming doubt, or rather incredulity, upon the site, that I seized upon it as a pretext for not going thither. In fact, my small capacity for sight-seeing was already more than satisfied.

On account of —— I am sorry that we did not see the grotto, for her enthusiasm is as fresh as the waters of Egeria as well can be, and she has poetical faith enough to light her cheerfully through all these mists of incredulity.

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atmosphere of the room ten degrees. If the builder of the palace, or any of his successors, have committed crimes worthy of Tophet, it would be a still worse punishment for him to wander perpetually through this suite of rooms on the cold floors of polished brick tiles or marble or mosaic, growing a little chiller and chiller through every moment of eternity,—or, at least, till the palace crumbles down upon him.

Neither would it assuage his torment in the least to be compelled to gaze up at the dark old pictures,—the ugly ghosts of what may once have been beautiful. I am not going to try any more to receive pleasure from a faded, tarnished, lustreless picture, especially if it be a landscape. There were two or three landscapes of Claude in this palace, which I doubt not would have been exquisite if they were in the condition of those in the British National Gallery, but here they looked most forlorn, and even their sunshine was sunless. The merits of historical painting may be quite independent of the attributes that give pleasure, and a superficial ugliness may even heighten the effect, but not so of landscapes.

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which he left unfinished at his death. Close by the door at which we entered stood a gigantic figure of Mason, in bag wig, and the coat, waistcoat, breeches, and knee and shoe buckles of the last century, — the enlargement of these unheroic matters to far more than heroic size having a very odd effect. There was a figure of Jefferson on the same scale, another of Patrick Henry, besides a horse's head, and other portions of the equestrian group which is to cover the summit of the monument. In one of the rooms was a model of the monument itself, on a scale, I should think, of about an inch to a foot. It did not impress me as having grown out of any great and genuine idea in the artist's mind, but as being merely an ingenious contrivance enough. There were also casts of statues that seemed to be intended for some other monument referring to Revolutionary times and personages and with these were intermixed some ideal statues or groups — a naked boy playing marbles, very beautiful a girl with flowers, the cast of his Orpheus, of which I long ago saw the marble statue Adam and Eve Flora, — all with a good deal of merit, no doubt, but not a single one that justifies Crawford's reputation, or that satisfies me of his genius. They are but commonplaces in marble and plaster such as we should not tolerate on a printed page. He seems to have

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Washington Monument, ready to be forwarded to its destination. When finished, and set up, it will probably make a very splendid appearance, by its height, its mass, its skilful execution, and will produce a moral effect through its images of illustrious men, and the associations that connect it with our Revolutionary history, but I do not think it will owe much to artistic force of thought or depth of feeling. It is certainly, in one sense, a very foolish and illogical piece of work, — Washington, mounted on an uneasy steed, on a very narrow space, aloft in the air, whence a single step of the horse backward, forward, or on either side, must precipitate him and several of his contemporaries standing beneath him, not looking up to wonder at his predicament, but each intent on manifesting his own personality to the world around. They have nothing to do with one another, nor with Washington, nor with any great purpose which all are to work out together.

*March 14.* — On Friday evening I dined at Mr T B Read's, the poet and artist, with a party composed of painters and sculptors, — the only exceptions being the American banker and an American tourist who has given Mr Read a commission. Next to me at table sat Mr Gibson, the English sculptor, who, I sup-

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The difference between the Pre Raphaelites and himself is deep and genuine, they being literalists and realists in a certain sense, and he a pagan idealist. Methinks they have hold of the best end of the matter.

*March 18* — To-day it being very bright and mild, we set out, at noon, for an expedition to the Temple of Vesta, though I did not feel much inclined for walking having been ill and feverish for two or three days past with a cold, which keeps renewing itself faster than I can get rid of it. We kept along on this side of the Corso, and crossed the Forum, skirting along the Capitoline Hill, and thence towards the Circus Maximus. On our way looking down a cross street, we saw a heavy arch, and, on examination made it out to be the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, standing in the Forum Boarium. Its base is now considerably below the level of the surrounding soil, and there is a church or basilica close by, and some mean edifices looking down upon it. There is something satis-

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Within view of it, and, indeed, a very little way off, is the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, which likewise retains its antique form in better preservation than we generally find a Roman ruin, although the Ionic pillars are now built up with blocks of stone and patches of brickwork, the whole constituting a church which is fixed against the side of a tall edifice, the nature of which I do not know.

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Between the pillars of the colonnade, however, we had the pleasant spectacle of the two fountains, sending up their lily-shaped gush, with rainbows shining in their falling spray. Parties of French soldiers, as usual, were undergoing their drill in the piazza. When we entered the church, the long, dusty sunbeams were falling aslantwise through the dome and through the chancel behind it.

*March 23* — On the 21st we all went to the Coliseum, and enjoyed ourselves there in the bright, warm sun, — so bright and warm that we were glad to get into the shadow of the walls and under the arches, though, after all, there was the freshness of March in the breeze that stirred now and then. Julian and baby found some beautiful flowers growing round about the Coliseum and far up towards the top of the walls we saw tufts of yellow wall-flowers and a great deal of green grass growing along the ridges between the arches. The general aspect of the place, however, is somewhat bare, and does not compare favorably with an English ruin, both on account of the lack of ivy and because the material is chiefly brick, the stone and marble having been stolen away by popes and cardinals

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After breakfast, we went to the Barberini Library, passing through the vast hall, which occupies the central part of the palace. It is the most splendid domestic hall I have seen, eighty feet in length at least, and of proportionate breadth and height, and the vaulted ceiling is entirely covered, to its utmost edge and remotest corners with a brilliant painting in fresco, looking like a whole heaven of angelic people

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We then went to the Palazzo Galitzin, where dwell the Misses Weston, with whom we lunched, and where we met a French abbe, an agreeable man, and an antiquarian, under whose auspices two of the ladies and ourselves took carriage for the Castle of St. Angelo. Being admitted within the external gateway, we found ourselves in the court of guard, as I presume it is called, where the French soldiers were playing with very dirty cards, or lounging about, in military idleness. They were well behaved and courteous and when we had intimated our wish to see the interior of the castle, a soldier soon appeared, with a large unlighted torch in his hand ready to guide us. There is an outer wall, surrounding the solid structure of Hadrian's tomb, to which there is access by one or two drawbridges the entrance to the tomb or castle, not being at the base, but near its central height. The ancient entrance, by which Hadrian's ashes, and those of other imperial personages, were probably brought into this tomb, has been walled up, — perhaps ever since the last emperor was buried here. We were now in a vaulted passage, both

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We now ascended towards the upper region, and were led into the vaults which used to serve as a prison, but which if I mistake not, are situated above the ancient structure, although they seem as damp and subterranean as if they were fifty feet under the earth. We crept down to them through narrow and ugly passages which the torchlight would not illuminate, and, stooping under a low, square entrance, we followed the guide into a small vaulted room, — not a room, but an artificial cavern, remote from light or air, where Beatrice Cenci was confined before her execution. According to the abbe, she spent a whole year in this dreadful pit her trial having dragged on through that length of time. How ghostlike she must have looked when she came forth! Guido never painted that beautiful picture from her blanched face, as it appeared after this confinement. And how rejoiced she

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The fortress is a straight lined structure on the summit of the immense round tower of Hadrian's tomb, and to make out the idea of it we must throw in drawbridges, esplanades, piles of ancient marble balls for cannon, battlements and embrasures, lying high in the breeze and sunshine, and opening views round the whole horizon, accommodation for the soldiers, and many small beds in a large room.

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We wandered about the grounds, and found them very beautiful indeed nature having done much for them by an undulating variety of surface, and art having added a good many charms, which have all the better effect now that decay and neglect have thrown a natural grace over them likewise. There is an artificial ruin so picturesque that it betrays itself, weather-beaten statues, and pieces of sculpture, scattered here and there an artificial lake, with upgush-

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One of the most striking objects in the first casino was a group by Bernini, — Pluto, an outrageously masculine and strenuous figure, heavily bearded, ravishing away a little, tender Proserpine whom he holds aloft, while his forcible gripe impresses itself into her soft virgin flesh. It is very disagreeable, but it makes one feel that Bernini was a man of great ability. There are some works in literature that bear an analogy to his works in sculpture, where great power is lavished a little outside of nature and therefore proves to be only a fashion, and not permanently adapted to the tastes of mankind.

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I walked quite round the hill, and saw, at no great distance from it, the enclosure of the Protestant burial-ground, which lies so close to the pyramid of Caius Cestius that the latter may serve as a general monument to the dead. De-

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It is good and satisfactory to see anything which, being built for an enduring monument, has endured so faithfully, and has a prospect of such an interminable futurity before it. Once, indeed, it seemed likely to be buried for three hundred years ago it had become covered to the depth of sixteen feet, but the soil has since been dug away from its base, which is now lower than that of the road which passes through the neighboring gate of San Paolo. Midway up the pyramid, cut in the marble, is an inscription in large Roman letters, still almost as legible as when first wrought.

I did not return through the Paolo gateway, but kept onward, round the exterior of the wall, till I came to the gate of San Sebastiano. It was a hot and not a very interesting walk, with only a high bare wall of brick, broken by frequent square towers on one side of the road, and a bank and hedge or a garden wall on the other. Roman roads are most inhospitable, offering no shade, and no seat, and no pleasant views of rustic domiciles—nothing but the wheel track of white dust, without a footpath running by its side and seldom any grassy margin to refresh the wayfarer's feet.

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as a stately and solemn residence for his holiness, it is quite a satisfactory affair. Afterwards, we went into the Pontifical Gardens, connected with the palace. They are very extensive, and laid out in straight avenues, bordered with walls of box, as impervious as if of stone, — not less than twenty feet high, and pierced with lofty archways, cut in the living wall. Some of the avenues were overshadowed with trees, the tops of which bent over and joined one another from either side, so as to resemble a side-aisle of a Gothic cathedral. Marble sculptures, much weather-stained, and generally broken-nosed, stood along these stately walks, there were many fountains gushing up into the sunshine, we likewise found a rich flower-garden, containing rare specimens of exotic flowers, and gigantic cactuses, and also an aviary, with vultures, doves, and singing birds. We did not see half the garden, but, stiff and formal as its general arrangement is, it is a beautiful place, — a delightful, sunny, and serene seclusion. Whatever it may be to the pope, two young lovers might find the Garden of Eden here and never desire to stray out of its precincts. They might fancy angels standing in the long, glimmering vistas of the avenues.

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continually sensible that the groundwork of them is an old plaster wall. They have been scrubbed, I suppose,—brushed at least,—a thousand times over, till the surface, brilliant or soft, as Raphael left it, must have been quite rubbed off, and with it all the consummate finish and everything that made them originally delightful. The sterner features remain, the skeleton of thought, but not the beauty that once clothed it. In truth, the frescos, excepting a few figures, never had the real touch of Raphael's own hand upon them, having been merely designed by him, and finished by his scholars, or by other artists.

The halls themselves are specimens of antique magnificence paved with elaborate mosaics, and wherever there is any woodwork it is richly carved with foliage and figures. In their newness, and probably for a hundred years afterwards, there could not have been so brilliant a suite of rooms in the world.

Connected with them—at any rate, not far distant—is the little Chapel of San Lorenzo, the very site of which among the thousands of apartments of the Vatican, was long forgotten, and its existence only known by tradition. After it had been walled up however beyond the memory of man, there was still a rumor of some beautiful frescos by Fra Angelico in an old Chapel of Pope Nicholas V., that bad

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Escaping from these forlorn splendors we went into the sculpture gallery, where I was able to enjoy in some small degree, two or three wonderful works of art, and had a perception that there were a thousand other wonders around me. It is as if the statues kept, for the most part, a veil about them, which they sometimes withdraw and let their beauty gleam upon my sight only a glimpse or two or three glimpses or a little space of calm enjoyment, and then I see nothing but a discolored marble image again. The Minerva Medica revealed herself to-day. I wonder whether other people are more fortunate than myself and can invariably find their way to the inner soul of a work of art. I doubt it. they look at these things for just a minute and pass on without any pang of remorse such as I feel, for quitting them so soon and so willingly. I am partly sensible that some unwritten rules of taste are making their way into my mind that all this Greek beauty has done something towards refining me, though I am still, however, a very sturdy Goth.

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To-day we went to the Colonna Palace where we saw some fine pictures, but I think, no masterpieces They did not depress and dishearten me so much as the pictures in Roman palaces usually do for they were in remarkably good order as regards frames and varnish indeed, I rather suspect some of them had been injured by the means adopted to preserve their beauty The palace is now occupied by the French Ambassador who probably looks upon the pictures as articles of furniture and household adornment, and does not choose to have squares of black and forlorn canvas upon his walls There were a

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of a door. The apartment at the farther end of the hall is elevated above it, and is attained by several marble steps, whence it must have been glorious in former days to have looked down upon a gorgeous throng of princes, cardinals, warriors, and ladies, in such rich attire as might be worn when the palace was built. It is singular how much freshness and brightness it still retains, and the only objects to mar the effect were some ancient statues and busts, not very good in themselves and now made dreary of aspect by their corroded surfaces,—the result of long burial under ground.

In the room at the entrance of the hall are two cabinets, each a wonder in its way,—one being adorned with precious stones, the other with ivory carvings of Michel Angelo's Last Judgment, and of the frescos of Raphael's Loggia. The world has ceased to be so magnificent as it once was. Men make no such marvels nowadays. The only defect that I remember in this hall was in the marble steps that ascend to the elevated apartment at the end of it: a large piece had been broken out of one of them, leaving a rough irregular gap in the polished marble stair. It is not easy to conceive what violence can have done this, without also doing mischief to all the other splendor around it.

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From St. Luke's we went to San Pietro in Vincoli, occupying a fine position on or near the summit of the Esquiline mount. A little abortion of a man (and, by the bye, there are more diminutive and ill shapen men and women in Rome than I ever saw elsewhere a phenomenon to be accounted for, perhaps, by their custom of wrapping the new born infant in swaddling-clothes), this two-foot abortion hastened before us, as we drew nigh, to summon the

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Leaving the church, we wandered to the Coliseum, and to the public grounds contiguous to them, where a score and more of French drummers were beating each man his drum, without reference to any rub-a-dub but his own. This seems to be a daily or periodical practice and point of duty with them. After resting ourselves on one of the marble benches, we came slowly home, through the Basilica of Constantine and along the shady sides of the streets and piazzas, sometimes, perforce, striking boldly through the white sunshine, which however, was not so hot as to shrivel us up bodily. It has been a most beautiful and perfect day as regards weather, clear and bright, very warm in the sunshine, yet freshened throughout by a quiet stir in the air. Still there is something in this air malevolent, or, at least, not friendly. The Romans lie down and fall asleep in it, in any vacant part of the streets and wherever they can find any spot sufficiently clean, and among the ruins of temples.

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Ascending a long winding staircase, we arrived at another suite of rooms, containing a good many not very remarkable pictures, and a few more pieces of statuary. Among the latter is Canova's statue of Pauline, the sister of Bonaparte, who is represented with but little drapery and in the character of Venus holding the apple in her hand. It is admirably done, and I have no doubt, a perfect likeness very beautiful too but it is wonderful to see how the artificial elegance of the woman of this world makes itself perceptible in spite of whatever simplicity she could find in almost utter nakedness. The statue does not afford pleasure in the contemplation

In one of these upper rooms are some works of Bernini two of them *Aeneas* and *Anchises*, and *David* on the point of slinging a stone at *Goliath*, have great merit, and do not tear and rend themselves quite out of the laws and limits of marble like his later sculpture. Here is also his *Apollo* overtaking *Daphne*, whose feet take

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cular balcony at the top of the dome, for I remember walking round it, and looking, not only across the country, but downwards along the ribs of the dome to which are attached the iron contrivances for illuminating it on Easter Sunday

Before leaving the church we went to look at the mosaic copy of The Transfiguration, because we were going to see the original in the Vatican, and wished to compare the two. Going round to the entrance of the Vatican, we went first to the manufactory of mosaics, to which we had a ticket of admission. We found it a long series of rooms, in which the mosaic artists were at work, chiefly in making some medallions of the heads of saints for the new church of St Paul's. It was rather coarse work, and it seemed to me that the mosaic copy was somewhat stiffer and more wooden than the original, the bits of stone not flowing into color quite so freely as paint from a brush. There was no large picture now in process of being copied but two or three artists were employed on small and delicate subjects. One had a Holy Family of Raphael in hand, and the Sibyls of Guercino and Domenichino were hanging on the wall, apparently ready to be put into mosaic. Wherever great skill and delicacy, on the artists part were necessary, they seemed quite adequate to the occasion but, after all, a mosaic of any

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aged, dying saint, half torpid with death already, partaking of the sacrament, and a sunny garland of cherubs in the upper part of the picture, looking down upon him, and quite comforting the spectator with the idea that the old man needs only to be quite dead in order to flit away with them. As for the other pictures I did but glance at, and have forgotten them.

The Transfiguration is finished with great minuteness and detail, the weeds and blades of grass in the foreground being as distinct as if they were growing in a natural soil. A partly decayed stick of wood with the bark is likewise given in close imitation of nature. The reflection of a foot of one of the apostles is seen in a pool of water at the verge of the picture. One or two heads and arms seem almost to project from the canvas. There is great lifelikeness and reality, as well as higher qualities. The face of Jesus, being so high aloft and so small in the distance, I could not well see, but I am impressed with the idea that it looks too much like human flesh and blood to be in keeping with the celestial aspect of the figure, or with the probabilities of the scene, when the divinity and immortality of the Saviour beamed from within him through the earthly features that ordinarily shaded him. As regards the composition of the picture, I am not convinced of the propriety of its being in two so distinctly separate

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on canvas. There was a picture of sunset, the whole sky of which would have outshone any gilded frame that could have been put around it. There was a most gorgeous sketch of a handful of weeds and leaves, such as may be seen strewn across of forest ground in an American autumn. I doubt whether any other man has ever ventured to paint a picture like either of these two, the Italian sunset or the American autumnal foliage. Mr Wilde, who is still young, talked with genuine feeling and enthusiasm of his art, and is certainly a man of genius.

We next went to the studio of an elderly Swiss artist, named Muller, I believe, where we looked at a great many water-color and crayon drawings of scenes in Italy, Greece, and Switzerland. The artist was a quiet, respectable, somewhat heavy looking old gentleman, from whose aspect one would expect a plodding pertinacity of character rather than quickness of sensibility. He must have united both these qualities, however, to produce such pictures as these, such faithful transcripts of whatever Nature has most beautiful to show, and which she shows only to those who love her deeply and patiently. They are wonderful pictures, compressing plains, seas, and mountains, with miles and miles of distance, into the space of a foot or two without crowding anything or leaving out a feature, and dif-

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He is probably stubborn of purpose, and is the sort of man who will improve with every year of his life. We could not speak his language, and were therefore spared the difficulty of paying him any compliments, but Miss Shepard said a few kind words to him in German, and seemed quite to win his heart, insomuch that he followed her with bows and smiles a long way down the staircase. It is a terrible business, this looking at pictures, whether good or bad, in the presence of the artists who paint them, it is as great a bore as to hear a poet read his own verses. It takes away all my pleasure in seeing the pictures and even makes me question the genuineness of the impressions which I receive from them.

After this latter visit Mr Akers conducted us to the shop of the jeweller Castellani, who is a great reproducer of ornaments in the old Roman and Etruscan fashion. These antique styles are very fashionable just now, and some of the specimens he showed us were certainly very beautiful, though I doubt whether their quaintness and old-time curiousness, as patterns of gewgaws dug out of immemorial tombs, be not their greatest charm. We saw the toilet-case of an Etruscan lady, — that is to say, a modern imitation of it, — with her rings for summer and winter and for every day of the week, and for thumb and fingers her ivory comb, her

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We have had beautiful weather for two or three days, very warm in the sun, yet always freshened by the gentle life of a breeze, and quite cool enough the moment you pass within the limit of the shade.

In the morning there are few people there (on the Pincian) except the gardeners, lazily trimming the borders, or filling their watering-pots out of the marble-brimmed basin of the fountain, French soldiers in their long mixed-blue surtouts, and wide scarlet pantaloons chatting with here and there a nursery maid and playing with the child in her care and perhaps a few smokers, choosing each a marble seat or wooden bench in sunshine or shade as best suits him. In the afternoon, especially within an hour or two of sunset, the gardens are much more populous, and the seats except when the sun falls full upon them, are hard to come by. Ladies arrive in carriages splendidly dressed children are abundant, much impeded in their frolics, and rendered stiff and stately by the finery which they wear, English gentlemen,

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sculpture and pictures, its own altar with tall wax tapers before it, some of which were burning a great picture over the high altar, the whole interior of the church ranged round with pillars and pilasters, and lined, every inch of it, with rich yellow marble. Finally, a frescoed ceiling over the nave and transepts, and a dome rising high above the central part, and filled with frescos brought to such perspective illusion that the edges seem to project into the air. Two or three persons are kneeling at separate shrines, there are several wooden confessionals placed against the walls, at one of which kneels a lady, confessing to a priest who sits within. The tapers are lighted at the high altar and at one of the shrines. An attendant is scrubbing the marble pavement with a broom and water, — a process, I should think, seldom practised in Roman churches. By and by the lady finishes her confession, kisses the priest's hand, and sits down in one of the chairs which are placed about the floor, while the priest, in a black robe, with a short, white, loose jacket over his shoulders, disappears by a side door out of the church. I, likewise, finding nothing attractive in the pictures, take my departure. Protestantism needs a new apostle to convert it into something positive.

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also lemons and oranges, stalls of fish, mostly about the size of smelts, taken from the Tiber cigars of various qualities, the best at a baioccho and a half apiece bread in loaves or in small rings a great many of which are strung together on a long stick, and thus carried round for sale. Women and men sit with these things for sale, or carry them about in trays, or on boards on their heads, crying them with shrill and hard voices. There is a shabby crowd and much babble, very little picturesqueness of costume or figure, however, the chief exceptions being, here and there, an old white-bearded beggar. A few of the men have the peasant costume, — a short jacket and breeches of light blue cloth and white stockings, — the ugliest dress I ever saw. The women go bareheaded, and seem fond of scarlet and other bright colors, but are homely and clumsy in form. The piazza is dingy in its general aspect, and very dirty, being strewn with straw, vegetable tops, and the rubbish of a week's marketing but there is more life in it than one sees elsewhere in Rome.

On one side of the piazza is the Church of St. Agnes, traditionally said to stand on the site of the house where that holy maiden was exposed to infamy by the Roman soldiers, and where her modesty and innocence were saved by miracle. I went into the church, and found it very splendid, with rich marble columns, all

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Consider the effect of light and shade in a church where the windows are opened and darkened with curtains that are occasionally lifted by a breeze, letting in the sunshine, which whitens a carved tombstone on the pavement of the church, disclosing perhaps, the letters of the name and inscription, a death's head, a crosier, or other emblem then the curtain falls and the bright spot vanishes.

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Taking leave of Mrs. Jameson, we drove through the city, and out of the Lateran Gate first, however, waiting a long while at Monaldini's bookstore in the Piazza di Spagna for Mr. Story, whom we finally took up in the street, after losing nearly an hour.

Just two miles beyond the gate is a space on the green Campagna where, for some time past, excavations have been in progress, which thus far have resulted in the discovery of several tombs, and the old, buried, and almost forgotten church or basilica of San Stefano. It

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The tombs were accessible by long flights of steps, going steeply downward, and they were thronged with so many visitors that we had to wait some little time for our own turn. In the first into which we descended we found two tombs side by side, with only a partition wall between, the outer tomb being, as is supposed a burial-place constructed by the early Christians while the adjoined and minor one was a work of pagan Rome about the second century after Christ. The former was much less interesting than the latter. It contained some large sarcophagi, with sculpture upon them of rather heathenish aspect, and in the centre of the front of each sarcophagus was a bust in bas-relief the features of which had never been wrought, but were left almost blank, with only the faintest indications of a nose for instance. It is supposed that sarcophagi were kept on hand by the sculptors, and were bought ready made, and that it was customary to work out the portrait of the deceased upon the blank face in the

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We went down also into another tomb close by, the walls of which were ornamented with medallions in stucco. These works presented a numerous series of graceful designs, wrought by the hand in the short space (Mr. Story said it could not have been more than five or ten minutes) while the wet plaster remained capable of being moulded, and it was marvellous to think of the fertility of the artist's fancy, and the rapidity and accuracy with which he must have given substantial existence to his ideas. These

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Apropos of the various methods of disposing of dead bodies, William Story recalled a newspaper paragraph respecting a ring with a stone of a new species in it, which a widower was observed to wear upon his finger. Being questioned as to what the gem was, he answered, "It is my wife." He had procured her body to be chemically resolved into this stone. I think I could make a story on this idea: the ring should

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three children, all of whom I introduced to her notice. Finding that I had not been farther beyond the walls of Rome than the tomb of Cecilia Metella, she invited me to take a drive of a few miles with her this afternoon. The poor lady seems to be very lame, and I am sure I was grateful to her for having taken the trouble to climb up the seventy steps of our staircase, and felt pain at seeing her go down them again. It looks fearfully like the gout, the affection being apparently in one foot. The hands, by the way, are white, and must once have been, perhaps now are, beautiful. She must have been a perfectly pretty woman in her day, — a blue or gray eyed, fair-haired beauty. I think that her hair is not white, but only flaxen in the extreme.

At half past four, according to appointment, I arrived at her lodgings, and had not long to wait before her little one-horse carriage drove up to the door, and we set out, rumbling along the Via Scrofa, and through the densest part of the city, past the theatre of Marcellus, and thence along beneath the Palatine Hill, and by the Baths of Caracalla, through the gate of San Sebastiano. After emerging from the gate we soon came to the little church of "*Domine quo vadis?*" Standing on the spot where St. Peter is said to have seen a vision of our Saviour bearing his cross, Mrs Jameson proposed to alight, and,

three children, all of whom I introduced to her notice. Finding that I had not been farther beyond the walls of Rome than the tomb of Cecilia Metella, she invited me to take a drive of a few miles with her this afternoon. The poor lady seems to be very lame, and I am sure I was grateful to her for having taken the trouble to climb up the seventy steps of our staircase, and felt pain at seeing her go down them again. It looks fearfully like the gout, the affection being apparently in one foot. The hands, by the way, are white, and must once have been, perhaps now are, beautiful. She must have been a perfectly pretty woman in her day, — a blue or gray eyed, fair-haired beauty. I think that her hair is not white, but only flaxen in the extreme.

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In the basilica the Franciscan monks were arranging benches on the floor of the nave, and some peasant children and grown people besides were assembling, probably to undergo an examination in the catechism, and we hastened to depart, lest our presence should interfere with their arrangements At the door a monk met us, and asked for a contribution in aid of his church or some other religious purpose Boys, as we drove on, ran stoutly along by the side of the chaise, begging as often as they could find breath, but were constrained finally to give up

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great dark clouds were still lumbering up the sky. We drove homeward, looking at the distant dome of St. Peter's, and talking of many things — painting, sculpture, America, England, spiritualism, and whatever else came up. She is a very sensible old lady, and sees a great deal of truth — a good woman, too, taking elevated views of matters, but I doubt whether she has the highest and finest perceptions in the world. At any rate, she pronounced a good judgment on the American sculptors now in Rome, condemning them in the mass as men with no high aims, no worthy conception of the purposes of their art and desecrating marble by the things they wrought in it. William Story, I presume, is not to be included in this censure, as she had spoken highly of his sculptural faculty in our previous conversation. On my part, I suggested that the English sculptors were little or nothing better than our own to which she acceded generally but said that Gibson had produced works equal to the antique, — which I did not dispute but still questioned whether the world needed Gibson, or was any the better for him. We had a great dispute about the propriety of adopting the costume of the day in modern sculpture, and I contended that either the art ought to be given up (which possibly would be the best course), or else should be used for idealizing the man of the day to himself, and that,

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of streets beyond, to the Porta Salara, whence the road extends, white and sunny, between two high blank walls to the gate of the villa, which is at no great distance. We were admitted by a girl, and went first to the casino, along an aisle of overshadowing trees, the branches of which met above our heads. In the portico of the casino, which extends along its whole front, there are many busts and statues, and, among them, one of Julius Cæsar, representing him at an earlier period of life than others which I have seen. His aspect is not particularly impressive: there is lack of chin, though not so much as in the older statues and busts. Within the edifice there is a large hall, not so brilliant, perhaps, with frescos and gilding as those at the Villa Borghese, but lined with the most beautiful variety of marbles. But, in fact, each new splendor of this sort outshines the last, and unless we could pass from one to another all in the same suite, we cannot remember them well enough to compare the Borghese with the Albani, the effect being more on the fancy than on the intellect. I do not recall any of the sculpture, except a colossal bas-relief of Antinous, crowned with flowers, and holding flowers in his hand, which was found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa. This is said to be the finest relic of antiquity next to the Apollo and the Laocoon, but I could not feel it to be so, partly, I suppose, because the

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pass over, as also those in the coffee house, — an edifice which stands a hundred yards or more from the casino, with an ornamental garden, laid out in walks and flower plats between. The coffee house has a semicircular sweep of porch with a good many statues and busts beneath it, chiefly of distinguished Romans. In this building, as in the casino, there are curious mosaics, large vases of rare marble, and many other things worth long pauses of admiration. but I think that we were all happier when we had done with the works of art, and were at leisure to ramble about the grounds. The Villa Albani itself is an edifice separate from both the coffee house and casino, and is not opened to strangers. It rises, palace like, in the midst of the garden, and, it is to be hoped, has some possibility of comfort, amidst its splendors. Comfort, however, would be thrown away upon it. for, besides that the site shares the curse that has fallen upon every pleasant place in the vicinity of Rome,

it really has no occupant except the servants who take care of it. The count of Castelbarco, its present proprietor, resides at Milan. The grounds are laid out in the old fashion of straight paths, with borders of box, which form hedges of great height and density, and as even as a brick wall at the top and sides. There are also alleys forming long vistas between the trunks and beneath the boughs of oaks, ilexes,

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Death strides behind every man, to be sure, at more or less distance, and, sooner or later, enters upon any event of his life, so that, in this point of view, they might each and all serve for bas reliefs on a sarcophagus, but the Romans seem to have treated Death as lightly and playfully as they could, and tried to cover his dart with flowers, because they hated it so much.

*May 15* — My wife and I went yesterday to the Sistine Chapel it being my first visit. It is a room of noble proportions, lofty and long, though divided in the midst by a screen or partition of white marble, which rises high enough to break the effect of spacious unity. There are six arched windows on each side of the chapel throwing down their light from the height of the walls, with as much as twenty feet of space (more I should think) between them and the floor. The entire walls and ceiling of this stately chapel are covered with paintings in fresco, except the space about ten feet in height from the floor, and that portion was intended to be adorned by tapestries from pictures by Raphael, but, the design being prevented by his

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visibility, — the Almighty moving in chaos, — the noble shape of Adam, the beautiful Eve, and, beneath where the roof curves, the mighty figures of sibyls and prophets, looking as if they were necessarily so gigantic because the thought within them was so massive. In *The Last Judgment* the scene of the greater part of the picture lies in the upper sky, the blue of which glows through betwixt the groups of naked figures, and above sits Jesus, not looking in the least like the Saviour of the world, but, with uplifted arm, denouncing eternal misery on those whom He came to save. I fear I am myself among the wicked, for I found myself inevitably taking their part, and asking for at least a little pity, some few regrets, and not such a stern denunciatory spirit on the part of Him who had thought us worth dying for. Around him stand grim saints, and, far beneath, people are getting up sleepily out of their graves, not well knowing what is about to happen, many of them, however, finding themselves clutched by demons before they are half awake. It would be a very terrible picture to one who should really see Jesus, the Saviour, in that inexorable judge but it seems to me very undesirable that He should ever be represented in that aspect, when it is so essential to our religion to believe Him infinitely kinder and better towards us than we deserve. At the last day, — I presume, that is,

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to see what bargain could be made with vetturinos for taking myself and family to Florence. We talked with three or four, and found them asking prices of various enormity, from a hundred and fifty scudi down to little more than ninety, but Mr Thompson says that they always begin in this way and will probably come down to somewhere about seventy five. Mr Thompson took me into the Via Portoghese, and showed me an old palace, above which rose — not a very customary feature of the architecture of Rome — a tall, battlemented tower. At one angle of the tower we saw a shrine of the Virgin, with a lamp, and all the appendages of those numerous shrines which we see at the street corners and in hundreds of places about the city. Three or four centuries ago this palace was inhabited by a nobleman who had an only son, and a large, pet monkey, and one day the monkey caught the infant up and clambered to this lofty turret, and sat there with him in his arms grinning and chattering like the Devil himself. The father was in despair, but was afraid to pursue the monkey lest he should fling down the child from the height of the tower and make his escape. At last he vowed that if the boy were safely restored to him he would build a shrine at the summit of the tower and cause it to be kept as a sacred place forever. By and by the monkey came down and de-

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awful impression on the spectator. Much of the effect, no doubt, is due to the sombre obscurity of the hall, and to the loneliness in which the great naked statue stands. It is entirely nude, except for a cloak that hangs down from the left shoulder. In the left hand it holds a globe, the right arm is extended. The whole expression is such as the statue might have assumed, if, during the tumult of Cæsar's murder, it had stretched forth its marble hand, and motioned the conspirators to give over the attack, or to be quiet, now that their victim had fallen at its feet. On the left leg, about midway above the ankle, there is a dull, red stain, said to be Cæsar's blood, but, of course, it is just such a red stain in the marble as may be seen on the statue of Antinous at the Capitol. I could not see any resemblance in the face of the statue to that of the bust of Pompey, shown as such at the Capitol, in which there is not the slightest moral dignity or sign of intellectual eminence. I am glad to have seen this statue, and glad to remember it in that gray, dim, lofty hall, glad that there were no bright frescos on the walls, and that the ceiling was wrought with massive beams, and the floor paved with ancient brick.

From this anteroom we passed through several saloons containing pictures, some of which were by eminent artists, the Judith of Guido, a copy of which used to weary me to death, year

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Mr Bryant was not in the least degree excited about this or any other subject. He uttered neither passion nor poetry, but excellent good sense, and accurate information on whatever subject transpired, a very pleasant man to associate with, but rather cold, I should imagine, if one should seek to touch his heart with one's own. He shook hands kindly all round, but not with any warmth of gripe, although the ease of his deportment had put us all on sociable terms with him.

At seven o'clock we went by invitation to take tea with Miss Bremer. After much search, and lumbering painfully up two or three staircases in vain, and at last going about in a strange circuit, we found her in a small chamber of a large old building, situated a little way from the brow of the Tarpeian Rock. It was the tiniest and humblest domicile that I have seen in Rome, just large enough to hold her narrow bed, her tea table and a table covered with books,—photographs of Roman ruins, and some pages written by herself. I wonder whether she be poor. Probably so, for she

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On the edge of this, before we left the court Miss Bremer bade us farewell, kissing my wife most affectionately on each cheek, and then turning towards myself, she pressed my hand, and we parted, probably never to meet again. God bless her good heart! She is a most amiable little woman, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race. I suspect, by the bye, that she does not like me half so well as I do her, it is my impression that she thinks me unamiable, or that there is something or other not quite right about me. I am sorry if it be so, because such a good, kindly, clear-sighted, and delicate person is very apt to have reason at the bottom of her harsh thoughts, when in rare cases, she allows them to harbor with her.

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of Rome. We returned through an archway, and descended the broad flight of steps into the piazza of the Capitol, and from the extremity of it, just at the head of the long graded way, where Castor and Pollux and the old milestones stand, we turned to the left, and followed a somewhat winding path, till we came into the court of a palace. This court is bordered by a parapet, leaning over which we saw the sheer precipice of the Tarpeian Rock, about the height of a four-story house.

On the edge of this, before we left the court Miss Bremer bade us farewell, kissing my wife most affectionately on each cheek, and then turning towards myself, she pressed my hand, and we parted, probably never to meet again. God bless her good heart! She is a most amiable little woman, worthy to be the maiden aunt of the whole human race. I suspect, by the bye, that she does not like me half so well as I do her, it is my impression that she thinks me unamiable, or that there is something or other not quite right about me. I am sorry if it be so, because such a good, kindly, clear-sighted, and delicate person is very apt to have reason at the bottom of her harsh thoughts, when in rare cases, she allows them to harbor with her.

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fretful and peevish habit, and yet perhaps I am a sinner myself for thinking so

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We had a very pleasant breakfast, and certainly a breakfast is much preferable to a dinner, not merely in the enjoyment while it is passing but afterwards. I made a good suggestion to Miss Hosmer for the design of a fountain, — a lady bursting into tears, water gushing from a thousand pores in literal translation of the phrase and to call the statue Niobe, all Tears. I doubt whether she adopts the idea but Bernini would have been delighted with it. I should think the gush of water might be so arranged as to form a beautiful

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This evening Una and I took a farewell walk in the Pincian Gardens to see the sunset, and found them crowded with people, promenading and listening to the music of the French band. It was the feast of Whitsunday, which probably brought a greater throng than usual abroad.

When the sun went down, we descended into the Piazza del Popolo, and thence into the Via Ripetta, and emerged through a gate to the shore of the Tiber, along which there is a pleasant walk beneath a grove of trees. We traversed it once and back again, looking at the rapid river, which still kept its mud-puddly aspect even in the clear twilight, and beneath the brightening moon. The great bell of St. Peter's tolled with a deep boom, a grand and solemn sound, the moon gleamed through the branches of the trees above us, and Una spoke with somewhat alarming fervor of her love for Rome and regret at leaving it. We shall have done the child no good office in bringing her here, if the rest of her life is to be a dream of this "city of the soul," and an unsatisfied yearning to come back to it. On the other hand, nothing elevating and refining can be really injurious, and so I hope she will always be the better for Rome, even if her life should be spent where there are no pictures, no statues, nothing

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and I am persuaded that we drove off under a perfect shower of anathemas

We passed through the Porta del Popolo at about eight o'clock, and after a moment's delay, while the passport was examined, began our journey along the Flaminian Way, between two such high and inhospitable walls of brick or stone, as seem to shut in all the avenues to Rome. We had not gone far before we heard military music in advance of us, and saw the road blocked up with people, and then the glitter of muskets, and soon appeared the drummers, fifers, and trumpeters, and then the first battalion of a French regiment, marching into the city, with two mounted officers at their head — then appeared a second and then a third battalion, the whole seeming to make almost an army, though the number on their caps showed them all to belong to one regiment, — the 1st, then came a battery of artillery, then a detachment of horse, — these last, by the crossed keys on their helmets, being apparently papal troops. All were young, fresh, good-looking men, in excellent trim as to uniform and equipments, and marched rather as if they were setting out on a campaign than returning from it, the fact being, I believe, that they have been encamped or in barracks within a few miles of the city. Nevertheless, it reminded me of the military processions of various kinds which so

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those of a dreary aspect, built of gray stone, and looking bare and desolate, with not the slightest promise of comfort within doors. We passed two or three locandas or inns, and finally came to the village (if village it were, for I remember no houses except our osteria) of Castel Nuovo di Porta, where we were to take a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which was put upon the table between twelve and one. On this journey, according to the custom of travellers in Italy, we pay the vetturino a certain sum, and live at his expense and this meal was the first specimen of his catering on our behalf. It consisted of a beefsteak, rather dry and hard, but not unpalatable, and a large omelette, and for beverage two quart bottles of red wine, which, being tasted, had an agreeable acid flavor. The locanda was built of stone, and had what looked like an old Roman altar in the basement hall, and a shrine with a lamp before it on the staircase and the large public saloon in which we ate had a brick floor, a ceiling with cross beams, meagrely painted in fresco, and a scanty supply of chairs and settees.

After lunch we wandered out into a valley or ravine near the house, where we gathered some flowers, and Julian found a nest with the young birds in it, which, however, he put back into the bush whence he took it.

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beneath the roots of old trees, or the pasture land of a thousand years old, and leading on towards the base of Soracte I forget where we finally lost it. Passing through a town called Rignano, we found it dressed out in festivity, with festoons of foliage along both sides of the street, which ran beneath a triumphal arch, bearing an inscription in honor of a ducal personage of the Massimi family I know no occasion for the feast except that it is Whitsuntide The town was thronged with peasants, in their best attire, and we met others on their way thither, particularly women and girls, with heads bare in the sunshine, but there was no tiptoe jollity, nor, indeed, any more show of festivity than I have seen in my own country at a cattle-show or muster Really, I think, not half so much

The road still grew more and more picturesque, and now lay along ridges, at the bases of which were deep ravines and hollow valleys Woods were not wanting, wilder forest than I have seen since leaving America, of oak-trees chiefly and, among the green foliage grew golden tufts of broom, making a gay and lovely combination of hues I must not forget to mention the poppies, which burned like live coals along the wayside, and lit up the landscape, even a single one of them, with wonderful effect. At other points we saw olive trees hiding their eccentricity of boughs under thick masses of

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considering that it was ordered by our hospitable vetturino), Una, Miss Shepard, Julian, and I walked out of the little town, in the opposite direction from our entrance, and crossed a bridge at the height of the tableland, instead of at its base. On either side we had a view down into a profound gulf, with sides of precipitous rock, and heaps of foliage in its lap, through which ran the snowy track of a stream, here snowy, there dark, here hidden among the foliage, there quite revealed in the broad depths of the gulf. This was wonderfully fine. Walking on a little farther, Soracte came fully into view, starting with bold abruptness out of the middle of the country and before we got back the bright Italian moon was throwing a shower of silver over the scene, and making it so beautiful that it seemed miserable not to know how to put it into words. a foolish thought, however, for such scenes are an expression in themselves, and need not be translated into any feebler language. On our walk, we met parties of laborers, both men and women, returning from the fields, with rakes and wooden forks over their shoulders, singing in chorus. It is very customary for women to be laboring in the fields

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After leaving Borghetto, we crossed the broad valley of the Tiber, and skirted along one of the ridges that border it, looking back upon the road that we had passed, lying white behind us. We saw a field covered with buttercups or some other yellow flower, and poppies burned along the roadside, as they did yesterday, and there were flowers of a delicious blue, as if the blue Italian sky had been broken into little bits, and scattered down upon the green earth. Otricoli by and by appeared, situated on a bold promontory above the valley, a village of a few gray houses and huts, with one edifice gaudily painted in white and pink. It looked more important at a distance than we found it on our nearer approach. As the road kept ascending, and as *the hills grew to be mountains*, we had taken two additional horses, making six in all, with a man and boy running beside them, to keep them in motion. The boy had two club feet,

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Murray's guide-book is exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory along this route, and whenever we asked Gaetano the name of a village or a castle, he gave some one which we had never heard before, and could find nothing of in the book. We made out the river Nar, however, or what I supposed to be such, though he called it Nera. It flows through a most stupendous mountain gorge winding its narrow passage between high hills, the broad sides of which descend steeply upon it, covered with trees and shrubbery that mantle a host of rocky roughnesses, and make all look smooth. Here and there a precipice juts sternly forth. We saw an old castle on a hillside, frowning down into the gorge and farther on, the gray tower of Narni stands upon a height, imminent over the depths below, and with its battlemented

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defence, in days long before the mediæval war-fares of Italy made such sites desirable. I suppose that, like Narni and Ottricoli, it was a city of the Umbrians. We reached it between eleven and twelve o'clock, intending to employ the afternoon on a visit to the famous falls of Terni but, after lowering all day, it has begun to rain, and we shall probably have to give them up.

*Half past eight o'clock* — It has rained in torrents during the afternoon, and we have not seen the cascade of Terni considerably to my regret, for I think I felt the more interest in seeing it, on account of its being artificial. Methinks nothing was more characteristic of the energy and determination of the old Romans, than thus to take a river, which they wished to be rid of, and fling it over a giddy precipice, breaking it into ten million pieces by the fall.

We are in the Hotel delle tre Colonne, and find it reasonably good though not, so far as we are concerned, justifying the rapturous commendations of previous tourists, who probably travelled at their own charges. However, there is nothing really to be complained of either in our accommodations or table, and the only wonder is how Gaetano contrives to get any profit out of our contract, since the hotel bills would alone cost us more than we pay him.

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After dinner, Julian and I walked out in the dusk to see what we could of Terni. We found it compact and gloomy (but the latter characteristic might well enough be attributed to the dismal sky) with narrow streets paved from wall to wall of the houses, like those of all the towns in Italy the blocks of paving-stone larger than the little square torments of Rome. The houses are covered with dingy stucco, and mostly low, compared with those of Rome, and inhospitable as regards their dismal aspects and uninviting doorways. The streets are intricate as well as narrow inasmuch that we quickly

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just large enough to cover them or perhaps in some bit of old Roman masonry, on the wall of a wayside inn, or in a shallow cavity of the natural rock, or high upward in the deep cuts of the road, everywhere, in short, so that nobody need be at a loss when he feels the religious sentiment stir within him. Our way soon began to wind among the hills, which rose steep and lofty from the scanty, level space that lay between, they continually thrust themselves across the passage, and appeared as if determined to shut us completely in. A great hill would put its foot right before us, but at the last moment, would grudgingly withdraw it, and allow us just room enough to creep by. Adown their sides we discerned the dry beds of mountain torrents, which had lived too fierce a life to let it be a long one. On here and there a hillside or promontory, we saw a ruined castle or a convent, looking from its commanding height upon the road, which very likely some robber-knight had formerly infested with his banditti, retreating with his booty to the security of such strongholds. We came, once in a while, to wretched villages, where there was no token of prosperity or comfort but perhaps there may have been more than we could appreciate, for the Italians do not seem to have any of that sort of pride which we find in New England villages, where every man, according to his taste and means,

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ernized interior We saw nothing else in Spoleto, but went back to the inn and resumed our journey, emerging from the city into the classic valley of the Clitumnus, which we did not view under the best of auspices, because it was overcast, and the wind as chill as if it had the east in it. The valley though fertile, and smilingly picturesque, perhaps, is not such as I should wish to celebrate, either in prose or poetry It is of such breadth and extent, that its frame of mountains and ridgy hills hardly serve to shut it in sufficiently, and the spectator thinks of a boundless plain rather than of a secluded vale After passing Le Vene, we came to the little temple which Byron describes, and which has been supposed to be the one immortalized by Pliny It is very small, and stands on a declivity that falls immediately from the road right upon which rises the pediment of the temple, while the columns of the other front find sufficient height to develop themselves in the lower ground A little farther down than the base of the edifice we saw the Clitumnus, so recently from its source in the marble rock, that it was still as pure as a child's heart, and as transparent as truth itself It looked slier than nothing, because it had not substance enough to brighten, and it was clearer than the atmosphere. I remember nothing else of the valley of Clitumnus, except that the beggars in

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only that I suppose the summit of the hill was artificially tenured, so as to prevent its crumbling down, and enable it to support the platform of edifices which crowns it.

*May 27* — We reached Foligno in good season yesterday afternoon. Our inn seemed ancient and, under the same roof, on one side of the entrance, was the stable, and on the other the coach house. The house is built round a narrow court, with a well of water at bottom, and an opening in the roof at top, whence the staircases are lighted that wind round the sides of the court, up to the highest story. Our dining room and bedrooms were in the latter region, and were all paved with brick, and without carpets, and the characteristic of the whole was exceeding plainness and antique clumsiness of fitting up. We found ourselves sufficiently comfortable, however, and, as has been the case throughout our journey, had a very fair and well-cooked dinner. It shows, as perhaps I have already remarked, that it is still possible to live well in Italy, at no great expense, and that the high prices charged to the forester at Rome and elsewhere are artificial, and ought to be abated.

The day had darkened since morning, and was now ominous of rain, but as soon as we were established, we sallied out to see whatever

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Our one-legged boy had followed us into the church, and stood near the door till he saw us ready to come out, when he hurried on before us and waited a little way off to see whither we should go. We still went on at random, taking the first turn that offered itself, and soon came to another old church, — that of St. Mary within the Walls, — into which we entered, and found it whitewashed, like the other two. This was especially fortunate, for the doorkeeper informed us that, two years ago, the whole church, (except, I suppose, the roof, which is of timber) had been covered with frescos by Pinturicchio, all of which had been ruthlessly obliterated, except a very few fragments. These he proceeded to show us, poor, dim ghosts of what may once have been beautiful, — now so far gone towards nothingness that I was hardly sure whether I saw a glimmering of the design or not. By the bye, it was not Pinturicchio as I have written above, but Giotto, assisted, I believe, by Cimabue, who painted these frescos. Our one-legged attendant had followed us also into this church and again hastened out of it before us and still we heard the dot of his crutch upon the pavement, as we passed from street to street. By and by a sickly-looking man met us, and begged for “qualche cosa”, but the boy shouted to him “Niente!” whether intimating that we would give him nothing, or that he himself had a prior

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his ragged hat, and smiling with as confident an air as if he had done us some very particular service, and were certain of being paid for it, as from contract. It was so very funny, so impudent, so utterly absurd, that I could not help giving him a trifle but the man got nothing, — a fact that gives me a twinge or two, for he looked sickly and miserable. But where everybody begs, everybody, as a general rule, must be denied and, besides they act their misery so well that you are never sure of the genuine article.

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